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A  
FARCE

Call'd

The False Count,

Or, A New Way to play

AN OLD GAME.

As it is Acted at the

Dukes Theatre.

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Written by Mrs. A. B E H N.

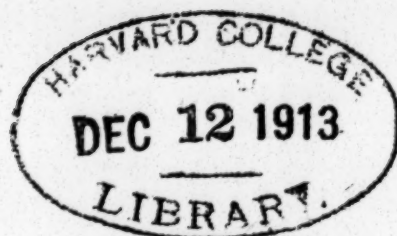
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Licensed July 21. 1681. Charles Killigrew.

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L O N D O N,

Printed by M. Flesher, for Jacob Tonson, at the  
Judge's-Head in Chancery-lane. 1682.



*Gift of the  
Division of Modern Languages*

1459

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# PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. Smith.

**K** Now all the Whiggs and Tories of the Pit,  
(Ye furious Guelfs and Gibelines of Wit,  
Who for the Cause, and crimes of Forty one  
So furiously maintain the Quarrel on.)  
Our Author as you'll find it writ in story,  
Has hitherto been a most wicked Tory;  
But now to th' joy o' th' Brethren be it spoken,  
Our Sisters vain mistaking eyes are open;  
And wisely valling her dear interest now,  
All powerfull Whiggs, converted is to you.  
'Twas long she did maintain the Royal Cause,  
Argu'd, disputed, rail'd with great applause;  
Writ Madrigals and Dogerel on the times,  
And charg'd you all with your fore-fathers crimes;  
Nay confidently swore no plot was true,  
But that so slyly carri'd on by you.  
Rais'd horrid scandals on you, hellish stories,  
In Conventicles how you eat young Tories;  
As Jew did heretofore eat Christian suckling;  
And brought an Odium on your pious gutling:  
When this is all malice it self can say,  
You for the good old Cause devoutly eat and pray:  
Though this one Text were able to convert ye,  
Ye needy tribe of scriblers to the Party;  
Yet there are more advantages than these,  
For write, invent, and make what Plots you please,  
The Wicked Party keeps your Witnesses;  
Like frugal Cuckold-makers you beget  
Bratts that, secur'd, by others fires shall sit.  
Your Conventicling miracles out doe  
All that the Whore of Babylon e'er knew:  
By wondrous art you make Rogues honest men,  
And when you please transform 'em Rogues again.  
To day a Saint, if he but hang a Papist,  
Peach a true Protestant, your Saint's turn'd Atheist:  
And dying Sacraments do less prevail,  
Than living ones though took in Lamb's-Wool-Ale.  
Who wou'd not then be for a Common-weal,  
To have the Villain cover'd with his Zeal?

# PROLOGUE.

*A Zeal, which for convenience can dispence  
With Plays, provided there's no wit nor sense ;  
For Wit's prophane, and Jesuitical,  
And Plotting's Popery, and the Devil and all.  
We then have fitted you with one to-day,  
'Tis writ as 't were a recantation Play ;  
Renouncing all that has pretence to witty,  
To oblige the Reverend Brumighams o' th' City :  
No smutty Scenes, no Jests to move your Laughters,  
Nor Love that so debauches all your Daughters.  
But shou'd the Tories now, who will desert me  
Because they find no dry bobs on your Party,  
Resolve to hiss as late did Popish Crew,  
By Yea and Nay, shee'll throw her self on you,  
The grand Inquest of Whiggs, to whom shee's true. }  
Then let 'em rail and hiss and damn their fill,  
Your Verdict will be Ignoramus still.*

## Actors Names.

Mr. Smith,	Don Carlos,	Governour of Cadex, young and rich, in love with Julia.
Mr. Wiltshire,	Antonio,	A Merchant, young and rich, Friend to Carlos, in love with Clara, promis'd to Isabella.
Mr. Nokes,	Francisco,	Old and rich, Husband to Julia and Father to Isabella.
Mr. Bright,	Baltazer,	Father to Julia and Clara.
Mr. Freeman,	Sebastian,	Father to Antonio.
Mr. Underhill	Guzman,	Gentleman to Carlos.
Mr. Lee,	Guiliom,	A Chimney Sweeper ; the False Count.
	Two overgrown Pages	to the False Count.
	Petro,	Cashier to Antonio.
	Captain,	Of a Gally.
	2 Seamen,	
	Lopez,	Servant to Baltazer.
	Several,	Disguis'd like Turks.

## Women.

Mrs. Davis,	Julia,	Wife to Francisco ; young and handsome, in love with Carlos.
Mrs. Petty,	Clara,	Sister to Julia, in love with Antonio.
Mrs. Coror,	Isabella,	Daughter to Francisco ; proud, vain and foolish, despising all men under the degree of Quality, and falls in love with Guiliom.
Mrs. Osborn,	Jacinta,	Woman to Julia.
	Dancers, Singers, &c.	



(1)

# THE FALSE COUNT, OR, A

## New way to play AN OLD GAME.

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### ACT I.

#### SCENE I. *The Street.*

*Enter Carlos, Antonio, and Guzman.*

*Car.* **B**Y all that's good, I'm mad; stark raving mad, to  
have a Woman young, rich, beautyfull,  
Just on the point of yeilding to my Love,  
Snatcht from my Armes by such a Beast as this;  
An Old ridiculous Buffoon, past Pleasure,  
Past Love, or any thing that tends that way;  
Ill-favour'd, Ill-bread, and Ill-qualify'd,  
With more Diseases than a Horse past Service;  
And onely blest with Fortune and my *Julia*:  
For him, I say, this Miser, to obtain her,  
After my tedious nights and dayes of Love,  
My midnight Watchings, Quarells, Wounds and Dangers;  
—My Person not unhandsom too,  
By Heav'n, 'twas Wonderous strange!

B

*Anto.*



# The False Count, or,

*Anto.* And old *Francisco*, without the expence of an hours Courtship, a Billet Deux, or scarce a Sight of her, could gain her in a day; and yet 'tis wonder, your Fortune and your Quality, should be refus'd by Don *Baltazer*, her Farher.

*Car.* A Pox upon't, I went the wrong way to work, and courted the Daughter, but indeed my Father, the late Governor of *Cadez*, whose Estate and Honour I now enjoy, was then living; and, fearing he would not consent to my Passion, I endeavor'd to keep it secret, though sacred Vows had past between us two.

*Anto.* Did she not tell you of this Marriage with old *Francisco*?

*Car.* The night before, she did; but onely by a Letter from her window dropt; which when by the help of a dark Lantern, I had read, I was struck dead with Grief. [*gives him the letter.*

*Anto.* reads.] *Expect to morrow night to hear I'm dead, since the next Sun will guide me to a fatall Marriage with old Francisco. Your Julia.*

*Car.* Judge, dear *Antonio*, my Surprise and Grief; A while I stood unmov'd, thoughtless, and silent, But soon rage wak'd me to new Life again; But what I said and did, I leave to raging Lovers, Like disappointed me, to guess and iudge; She heard—and onely answer'd me in tears, Nor could I beg one tender word from her, She fight, and shut the window too, and vanisht.

*Ant.* And she accordingly next day was married.

*Car.* She was,—and I have since endeavor'd all the Arts and Ways I can, to Cuckold him; 'tis now two months since the Wedding, and I hear he keeps her as close as a Relict, jealous as Age and Impotence can make him.—She hitherto has been absent at *Sivil*, but Expectation of her Daughter-in-law's Wedding with you has brought 'em hither,—and, I ask your Pardon, *Antonio*, for rallying your Father-in-law that shall be, old *Francisco*.

*Anto.* I hope you are mistaken, Sir.

*Car.* How, Are not you to marry his Daughter *Isabella*?

*Anto.* Not, if I can help it, Sir,—the Honour you have done me in your friendship to me, a Person so much above me in Title and Birth, makes me think it my Duty to conceal no part of my Heart to you,—Know then this *Isabella*, daughter to old *Francisco*,

*A New Way to play an Old Game.*

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*Francisco*, and your Cuckold that shall be, I hope, is, though fair most ridiculously proud, vain and fantastick; as all of her Birth and Education, grown Rich, are;

*Car.* Prethee, What was her Birth?

*Anto.* Why, her Father, old *Francisco*, was in his youth an *English* Cordwinder, that is to say, a Shoo-maker, Which he improv'd in time to a Merchant, and, the Devil and his Knavery helping him to a considerable Estate, he set up for *Gentleman*; and being naturally a stingey, hide bound Rascall, and in the Humour of jealousy even out-doing the most rigid of us *Spaniards*, he came over into *Spain*, to settle with his whole Family, where, his Wife dying, to heighten the vice, marries this young *Julia*, your Mistress, Sir;—and now this Daughter of his having wholly forgot her originall Dunghill, setts up for a Vicountess at least, though her father has design'd me the Blessing; but I have fixt my Heart and Eyes elsewhere, *Clara*, the young Sister of your Mistress, Sir, commands my Liberty.

*Car.* *Clara*, I've seen her, she has Youth and Beauty capable to make a conquest any where,—but, Does she know your Love?

*Anto.* She does; and makes me think my Love return'd.

*Car.* Then know, *Antonio*, I must be your Rival.

*Anto.* How, Sir!

*Car.* You said but now you were my Friend, *Antonio*, If true, you must assist in my design.

*Anto.* I listen, Sir, impatiently.

*Car.* Then thus; Before I knew she was your Mistress, I had resolv'd upon Adresses to her, in order to't, have treated with her Father about a Marriage.

*Anto.* How! and wou'd the false, forsworn, receive your Vows!

*Car.* No; but with Tears implores her Father dayly, when e'er he speaks to her about my Passion; nor can I undeceive her, for indeed I have but feign'd a Love, ( she living in the same house with *Julia* whilst here at *Cadex* ) to get an opportunity with that dear, charming Creature; for, coming as a Brother, sure they'll admit me kindly; nor will *Francisco*, who has heard of what has past 'twixt me and *Julia*, suspect me any more.

*Anto.* I knew I had a Rivall, Sir, which *Clara* lov'd not; but nere cou'd get it from her who he was, for fear of mischief—I have often the Liberty to see her, under the name and pretence of *Isabella's* Lover.



*Car.* And I Visit her onely to get a sight of *Julia*, which hitherto has been impossible, though I have oft indeavor'd it—I beg you'll not be jealous, for this, by Heav'n, is onely my Design.

*Anto.* I'll trust my Life, my Honour and my Mistress, in so good hands at any time.

*Car.* You oblige me; but though I find your *Clara*, cold and cruel, *Isabella* would invite me to her Love, And makes so many kind advances to me.—

*Anto.* So would she for your Title were you deform'd, and had no shape of man about you; but me, because a little Citizen and Merchant—she so reviles, Calling me base Mechanick, Sawcy Fellow; and wonders where I got the Impudence to speak of Love to her, —in fine I am resolved to be reveng'd on all her Pride and Scorn; by Heav'n, I will invent some dire Revenge; —I'm bent upon't, and will about it instantly.

*Car.* — and would you do it home and handsomly — and have a good occasion of being disingag'd from her, and make her self the Instrument?

*Anto.* Ay, such a Plot were worth the Prosecution.

*Car.* And such a one I have in my head, *Guzman*, my servant, knows a Fellow here in *Cadez*, whom for his pleasant humour I have oft observ'd, as I have past the streets, but too mean to be convers't with, by almost any humane thing, by Trade, a Chimney Sweeper.

*Anto.* On, Sir, I beseech you.

*Car.* This Fellow's of a quick Wit and good Apprehension, though possibly he cannot act the Don so well, yet that which makes up the best part of our young Gallants, now a days, he shall not want; that is, good Cloaths, Money, and an Equipage, — and a little Instruction will serve turn.

*Anto.* I'm ravish't with the Fancy; — let me see — he shall be an *English* Lord, or a *French* Count.

*Car.* Either, we'll furnish him with Bills on Seignior Don *Francisco*, — men and baggage, and the business is done — he shall make Love to her.

*Anto.* Most Excellent.

*Car.* *Guzman*, have you not observ'd this Fellow I am speaking off?

*Guz.* Observ'd him, Sir; I know him particulary, I'll fetch him to

*A New Way to play an Old Game.*

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to you now, Sir; he alwaies stands for new employment with the rest of his Gang under Saint *Jago's* Church-wall.

*Car.* Bring him anon to my Lodgings, where we'll prepare him for the Adventure.

*Anto.* And if the Proud *Isabella* bite not at so gay a Bait, I'll be bound to marry her.

*Car.* And if she do not, possibly that may be your Fate—but, in return, you must let *Clara* know the Design I have, and, undeceiving her opinion of my Love, make her of our Party.

*Anto.* Trust my Friendship, Sir, and Management, I'll to her instantly, that is, make a Visit to *Isabella*, and get an opportunity to speak with *Clara*.

*Car.* And I must write a Letter to *Julia*, to undeceive her Fears too, could I but get it to her.

*Guz.* For that, let me alone— [Exeunt severally bowing.]

SCENE II. *A Chamber.*

*Enter Julia and Jacinta.*

*Jac.* Lord, Madam, you are as melancholy as a sick Parrot.

*Jul.* And can you blame me, *Jacinta*, have I not many Reasons to be sad; first, have I not lost the onely man on earth in *Don Carlos*, that I could love? and worse than that, am married to a Thing, fit onely for his Tombe; a Brute, who wanting sense to Value me, treats me more like a Prisoner than a Wife, —and his Pretence is, because I should not see, nor hear from *Don Carlos*.

*Jac.* Wou'd I were in your room, Madam, I'd cut him out work enough I'd warrant him; and if he durst impose on me, i'faith I'd transform both his Shape and his manners; in short, I'd try what Woman-hood could doe. And indeed, the revenge wou'd be so pleasant, I wou'd not be without a jealous Husband for all the world, and really, Madam, *Don Carlos* is so sweet a Gentleman.

*Jul.* Ay, but the Sin, *Jacinta*!

*Jac.* A my Conscience Heav'n wou'd forgive it, for this match of yours, with old *Francisco*, was never made there.

*Jul.* Then if I wou'd, alas what opportunities have I, for I confess since his first Vows made him mine. —



*Jac.* —right—that lying with old *Francisco* is flat Adultery.—

*Jul.* I might, with some Excuse, give my self away to *Carlos*—but oh, he's false, he takes unjustly all the Vows he paid me, And gives 'em to my Sister *Clara* now.

*Jac.* Indeed, that's something uncivil, Madam, if it be true.

*Jul.* True! my Father has with joy consented to it, and he has leave, to visit her; and can I Live to see't? No, Mischief will ensue, my Love's too high, too Nicely true to brook Affronts like that.

*Jac.* Yet you first broke with him.

*Jul.* Not I, be witness heav'n with what reluctancy I forc't my breaking heart; and can I see, that charming Body in my Sisters Armes! that Mouth that has so oft sworn love to me, kist by anothers Lips! no, *Jacinta*, that night that gives him to another Woman, shall see him dead between the Charmers Armes. My life I hate, and when I live no more for *Carlos*, I'll cease to be at all, it is resolv'd.

*Jac.* Faith, Madam, I hope to live to see a more Comickall end of your Amours—but see where your Amiable Spouse comes with Don *Baltazer* your Father!

*Enter Francisco and Baltazer.*

*Fran.* So—you two are damnable Close together, 'tis for no goodness I'll warrant, you have your trade betimes.

*Jac.* Meaning me, Sir?

*Fran.* Yes you, one of my Wives evil Counsellors,—go, get you up both to your respective Chambers, go—[*Ex. both.*]

*Bal.* Barring your Compliments, good Son, give me leave to speak.

*Fran. Shaw,* I know as well as your self what you wou'd say now; you wou'd assure me I am Sole Master of your house, and may command; that you are heartily glad to see me at *Cadez*, and that you desire I wou'd resolve upon a weeks stay, or so; that you'll spare nothing for my entertainment, why I know all this, and therefore pray take my word, good Father in-Law, without any more adoe.

*Bal.* Well Sir, pray answer me one Question, What drew you to *Cadez*?

*Fran.* Why, I'll tell you; in the first place, a Pox of all Lovers, I say; for my Daughter *Isabella* is to be married, as you know,

know, to *Antonio*, a young rich merchant of this Town; in the second place, my Wife, with a Vengeance, must be gading to visit you and her sister, whom we heard was also to be married to the young Governor *Don Carlos*; 'tis shrewdly against my will, heav'n knows, for my witts are in an uprore already about this business——your Gallant's, Father, your young Gallant's,——I wish my Wife were secure at home again.

*Bal.* Pray why so?

*Fran.* Alas, I see the Trick, Sir, a meer Trick put upon a man, a married man, and a married man to a handsome young woman,——you apprehend me.

*Bal.* Not I, Sir.

*Fran.* Not, you Sir; why look ye; your young Governor who now is, made most desperate love to her who is now my Wife, d'ye mind me?——but you, being a man of an exact Judgment, to her great grief, gave her to me, who best deserv'd her, both for my civil Behaviour, and Comly Personage, d'ye understand me? but now this *Carlos*, by his Fathers death being made Governor, d'ye see? is to marry your other Daughter *Clara*, and to exasperate me, wou'd never let me be at quiet till he had got both of us hither to *Cadex*, to Grace his Wedding; a Pox of his Invitation, was I so civil to invite him to mine?

*Bal.* If this be your Affliction, you may avoyd it.

*Fran.* No, no, I'll try to force Nature a little, and be Civil, or so, but as soon as the Ceremony's over, I'll steal out of Town, whip a way, presto, i'faith.

*Bal.* But sh'oud you do so rude a thing to your new Brother, your Wife wou'd think you were jealous of her. No, dissemble that Fault, I beseech you, 'twill make you odious to her and all the world, when 'tis needless, 'tis naturall for women to hate what they fear.

*Fran.* Say you so, then I will hide it as much as I can in words, I can dissemble too upon occasion.

*Bal.* Let her remain awhile amongst us.

*Fran.* The Devil a bit shee shall, good Father mine, no, no, I have more years than you, Sir Father, and understand what women are, especially when married to ancient men, and have the Conversation of young men——whose Eyes like Basilisks destroy Modesty with looking on 'em; the very thought on't has rais'd a Bump in my forehead already.

*Bal.*



*Bal.* I am sorry you shou'd suspect my Daughter's Vertue.

*Fran.* May be you are, Sir, — but youth you know — opportunity — occasion — or so — there are Winks, and Nods, and Signes, and Twires — and — well in short I am satisf'd, and they that are not may go whistle, and so I'll to my Wife, whom I have left too long alone, evil thoughts will grow upon her — Wife, Love — Duckling — [Calls her.

*Enter Julia and Jacinta.*

*Bal.* Wou'd I had never marryed her to this Sott.

*Jul.* Your pleasure, Sir.

*Fran.* Onely to see thee, Love.

*Jul.* I have a Sute to you.

*Fran.* What is't, my Chicken.

*Jul.* I Wou'd go make a Visit to my Aunt, my sister *Clara's* there, and I'll go fetch her home.

*Fran.* Hum — perhaps the Governor's there too?

*Jul.* What if he be? we ought to make him a Visit too who so kindly sent for us to *Cadez*.

*Fran.* How! Make a Visit to the Governor? What have I to doe with the Governor, or what have you to doe with the Governor? you are no Souldier, Love! as for a Visit to your Aunt there's some reason in't, but for the Governor, think no more upon him, I say no more.

*Jul.* Since he's to marry my Sister, why shou'd you refuse him that Civility.

*Fran.* Your Sister, so much the worse.

*Jul.* So much the worse?

*Fran.* I, so much the worse, I tell you, for, mark me, you have been Lovers lately; and old storyes may arise that are not yet forgotten; and haveing under the Cloak of a Husband both Sisters at command, one for a Wife, t'other for a Mistress, hoyte toyte, there will be mad work i'faith; What a Mixture of Brother by the Fathers side, and Uncle by the Mothers side there will be; Aunt by the Mothers side, and Sister by the fathers side; a man may find as good kindred amongst a kenell of Beagles.

*No, no, no Visits to the Governor, I beseech you, fair Madam.*

*Bal.* So, you are at your jealousy again.

*Fran.* Come, come, I love plain dealing; besides, when she Nam'd the Governor, Flesh and Blood could not contain.

*Jul.*

*Jul.*

*Jul.* I spoke in reference to his Quality.

*Fran.* A Pox of your Civility; I tell you, I scorn my Wife should be Civil. Why, what a Coyle's here about a Governor? I'll stand to't, a man had better have a Mule to his Wife than a Woman, and 'twere easlyer govern'd.

*Bal.* But, hear reason, Son.

*Fran.* What, from a Woman, and a Wife? Lord, Lord, where are your Witts, good Father-i'-law? Why, what, a Devil, shall I be made ridiculous, a Coxcombe, Cuckold, to show my Wife? No, no, there's no Necessity of your Civility, Mistrefs; Leave that to me who understand the due Punctillio's of it.

*Bal.* Harkey Son, harkey!

*Fran.* Father mine, every man to his business, I say, therefore say no more of this; For I'll give my Mother's Soul to the Devil, when any Wife of mine ever makes a Visit to the Governor; and there's an end on't. Was ever so horrid a Plot Contriv'd against her own Lawfull Husband? Visit the Governor, with a Pox.

*Bal.* 'Tis an honour due to all men of his Rank.

*Fran.* I care not for that, my opinion is, my Wife's my slave, and let him keep his Rank to himself.

*Enter Guzman.*

*{ Fran. gets his Wife behind him, and fences her with his Cloke.*

*Guz.* He's here, and with his Wife; How shall I doe to deliver my Letter to her?—Sir, by the order of my Master, Don Carlos, the Governor, I am commanded to come hither, to the end that, going from hence, and returning to my Master, I may be able to inform him—

*Fran.*—That I am in health,——very well, I was afraid he wou'd have been harping upon my Wife in the first place——the Devil take her, she looks for't. [*Makes signs to have her gon.*

*Guz.* Farther, Sir, he kisses your hand, with a more than ordinary Friendship.

*Fran.* A Pox of his compliments,——

[*Aside.*

*Guz.* But he charg'd me, Sir, most passionately to present his Service to your Lady.

*Fran.* Yes, yes; I thought as much.

*Guz.*——In a more particular manner.

*Fran.* Friend, my Wife, or Lady, has no need of his service in a more particular manner, and so you may return it.

*Jac.* Indeed, but she has great need of his service in a very particular manner.

C

*Guz.*



*Guz.* Sir, I ment no hurt, but 'tis all wayes the fashion of your true bred Courtier, to be more Ceremonious in his Civilities to Ladyes than Men;—and he desires to know how she does.

*Fran.* How strong this *Carlos* smells of the Devil—friend, tell your Master she's very well, but since she was Married she has forgot her Gentile Civility and good manners, and never returns any Complements to men.

*Guz.*—How shall I get it to her?—Sir, the Governor hopes he shall have the Honour of entertaining you both at his house. He's impatient of your coming, and waits at home on purpose.

*Fran.* Friend, let your Master know we are here in very good quarters already, and he does us both too much Honour; and that if we have notice of the Wedding-day; and I have nothing else to doe, we'll Certainly wait on him, and the next morning we intend to take our leaves, which I send him word of beforehand to prevent surprize.

*Guz.* But Sir,——

*Fran.* Go, Sir, and deliver your message. *{ Aproching him he puts his Wife further.*

*Guz.* But I have order, Sir, ——

*Fran.* There's no such thing in this world.

*Guz.* I'm resolv'd to Teaze him, if I can do nothing else, in revenge;—But, Sir, he most earnestly desires to entertain your fair Lady in his own house,

*Fran.* Yes, yes; I know he does; But I'll give him to the Devil first. —Troth, Sir, this *Cadez Aire* does not agree with my fair Lady, she has ventur'd out but once, and has got an Ague already.

*Guz.* Agues, Sir, are kind diseases, they allow of Truces and Cessations.

*Fran.* No, no; She has no Cessation friend, her Ague takes her night and day, it shakes her most unmercifully, and it shall shake her till the Wedding-day.

*Guz.* Were this Fellow to be try'd by a Jury of women, I would not be in's Coat to lye with his Lady.——What shall I doe to deliver this Letter,——Well Sir since I see you are so averse to what the Governor desires, I'll return—but, Sir, I must tell you, as a friend, a Secret; that to a man of your temper may concern you;——Sir,——he's—— *{ Goes to Whisper him, and gives Julia the Letter over his Shoulder.*  
resolv'd when he Comes next to Visit his Mistress, to make another Visit to your Apartment, to your Lady too.

*Fran*

## *A New Way to play an Old Game.*

II

*Fran.* Is he so, pray tell him he need not take that pains; there's no occasion for't; besides 'twill be but in vain; for the Doctors have prescrib'd her Silence and Lonelyness,—tis good against the Fit; How this damn'd Fellow of a Rival torments me; Honest Friend, adieu.

*Guz.* Now is this Fellow so affraid of being made a Cuckold that he fears his own shadow, and dares not go into his Wife's Chamber if the Son do but shine into the room.—[*Ex Guz.*

*Fran.* So, your *Mercury's* gon; Lord, how, simply you look now, as if you knew nothing of the matter!

*Jul.* Matter, what matter, I heard the Civil Message the Governor sent, and the uncivil answer you return'd back.

*Fran.* Very good; Did that grieve your heart, alas what pitty 'twas I carried you not in my hand, presented you to him my self, and beg'd him to favour me so much to do my office a little for me, or the like; hah.—

*Jul.* And there's need enough, and the truth were known.

*Jac.* Well said, Madam.

*Fran.* Peace thou wicked Limbe of *Satan*——but for you, Gentle Woman, since you are so tarmagant, that your own Natural Husband cannot please you; who though I say it am as quiet a Bed-fellow, and sleep as sweetly, for one of my years, as any in *Spain*——I'll keep you to hard meat i'faith.

*Jul.* I find no fault with your Sleeping, 'tis the best quality you have a-Bed.

*Fran.* Why, so then, is the Devil in an unmercifull woman? Come come, 'tis a good Tenant that payes once a quarter.

*Jac.* Of an hour do ye mean Sir.—

*Fran.* Peace, I say,——thou damnable Tormentor, this is the Doctrine you preach to your Mistress, but you shall do't in private, for I am resolv'd to lock ye both up, and carry the keys in my Pocket.

*Jul.* Well, I'm a wicked Creature to tease thee so, Dear; but I'll doe what thou wilt; Come, come, be friends, I Vow, I care not for the Governor, not I, no more then I do for my—own soule.

*Fran.* Why so, this is somthing; Come, come your way's in,——who have we here a man, ad's my life away, away.

*Jul.* Yes, up to my Chamber, to write an answer to this dear Letter.

[*Ex Julia*  
*Enter.*



[Enter Isabella.]

*Fran.* No, 'tis not a man, but my daughter *Isabella*.*Jac.* Now will I stay, and set her on to teaze the Doatard, wou'd I cou'd teaze him to death, that my Mistress might be rid of him.*Fran.* How now, what makes you look so Scurvily to day? Sure the Devil rides once a day through a woman, that she may be sure to be inspir'd with some Ill qualities——what wou'd you have now?*Isa.* Somthing.*Fran.* Somthing; what thing; have I not provided you a Husband whom you are to marry within a day or too?*Isa.* There's a Husband indeed, pray keep him to your self, if you please; I'll marry none of him, I'll see him hang'd first.*Fran.* Hay-day;—what is he not young and hansom enough forsooth?*Isa.* Young and hansom; is there no more than that goes to the making up of a Husband?——Yes, there's Quality.*Fran.* Quality;——Why, is he not one of the richest Merchants of his standing in all *Cadex*?*Isa.* Merchant, a pretty Character, a Woman of my Beauty, and 5. Thousand pound, marry a Merchant——a little, pety, dirty-heeld Merchant; faugh I'd rather live a Maid all dayes of my life, or be sent to a Nunnery, and that's Plague enough I'm sure.*Jac.* Have a care of a Nunnery, least he take you at your word.*Isa.* I wou'd not for the World, no, *Jacinta*, when ever thou seest me in Holy orders, the World will be at an end.*Fran.* Merchant, why, What Husband do you expect!*Isa.* A Cavalier at least, if not a Nobleman.*Fran.* A Noble man, marry come-up; your Father, Huswife, meaning my self, was a Leather-seller at first, till, growing rich, I set up for a Merchant, and left that Mechanick trade; and since turn'd Gentleman; and heav'n blest my endeavours so as I have an estate for a *Spanish* Grandee; and, Are you so proud, for sooth, that a Merchant wont down with you, but you must be gaping after a Cap and Feather, a silver Sword with a more dred-full Ribon at the hilt? Come, come, I fear me, Huswife, you are one that puffs her up with pride thus;—but lay thy hand upon thy Conscience now.——[To *Jacinta*.  
*Jac.*



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*Jac.* Who, I Sir ; No no, Sir, I am for Marrying her out of hand to any reasonable Husband, except a Merchant ; for Maids will Long, and that's *Probatum est* against the pervailing Distemper of Longing ; Hitherto I dare answer for her, but Batteries will be made, and I dare not be always responsible for frail Mortality.

*Fran.* Well, I have provided her one that I like, but if she be so squemish, let her fast, with a Murrain to her.

*Isa.* Dear Father.

*Fran.* Dear me no Deares : Wou'd your old Mother were alive, she wou'd a Strapt your Iusticore, for puleing after Cavaliers and Noble men, i'faith, that wou'd shee ; A Citizen's Daughter and wou'd be a *Madona*, in good time.

*Isa.* Why, Father ; the Gentry and Nobility now adayes frequently marry Citizen's Daughters.

*Fran.* Come, come, Mistres, I got by the City, and I love and honour the City ; I confess 'tis the fashion now adayes, if a Citizen get but a little money, one goes to building houses, and brick walls ; another must buy an Office for his Son ; a third hoysts up his Daughter's Topfail, and flaunts it a way, much above her Breeding ; and these things make so many break, and Cause the decay of Trading ; but I'm for the honest *Dutch* way of breeding their Children, according to their Fathers Calling.

*Isa.* That's very hard, because you are a Laborious, Ill-bread Trades-man, I must be bound to be a mean Citizen's Wife.

*Fran.* Why, what are you better then I, forsooth, that you must be a Lady, and have your Peticoads lac'd four Storyes high ; wear your false Towers, and Coole your self with your *Spanish* Fan ? Come, come, Baggage, wear me your best Cloaths a Sundays, and brush 'em up a Munday Mornings, and follow your needle all the week after, that was your good old Mother's way, and your Grand-mother's before her ; and as for the Husband, take no care about it, I have design'd it, *Antonio*, and *Antonio* you are like to wed, or beat the hoof, Gentle woman, or turn poor *Clare*, and die a Begging-Nun, and there's an end on't——see where he comes——I'll leave you to ponder upon the business.

[*Ex. Francisco.*]

*Enter Antonio. Isabella weeps.*

*Anto.* what, in Tears, *Isabella*, what is't can force that tribute from your Eyes?

*Isa.* A Trifle, hardly worth the nameing, your self——

*Anto.* Do I, pray, for what sin of mine must your fair Eyes be punisht?

*Isa.* For the sin of your Odious Addresses to me, I have told you my mind often enough, methinks your Equals shou'd be fitter for you, and sute more with your Plebeian Humour.

*Anto.* My Equals, 'Tis True, you're fair, but if there be any inequality in our births, the advantage is on my side.

*Isa.* Sawcie Impertinent, you shew your City breeding, you understand what's due to Ladys, you understand your Pen and Ink how to count your dirty money, trudge to and fro chaffering of base commodities, and cuzening those you deal with, till you sweat and stink again like an o're heated Cook; faugh, I smell him hither.

*Anto.* I must confess I'm not perfum'd as you are, to stifle Stinks you commonly have by Nature; but I have wholsom, clenly Linen on; and for my Habit, wore I but a Sword, I see no difference between your Don and me, onely, perhaps, he knows less how to use it.

*Isa.* Ah, Name not a Don, the very sound from the mouth of a little Cit is disagreeable——Bargain and Sale, Bills, Money, Traffick, Trade, are words become you better.

*Jac.* Well-said, use him scurvily, that Mrs. *Clara* may have him. [Aside.

*Anto.* The best of those you think I shou'd not name, dare hardly tell me this.

*Isa.* Good Lord, you think your self a very fine Fellow now, and finicall your self up to be thought so, but there's as much difference between a Citizen and a true bred Cavalier.——

*Anto.* As between you and a true bred Woman of Honour.

*Isa.* Oh, Sir, you rail, and you may, long enough, before you rail me out of my Opinion, whilst there are Dons with Coaches and fine Lackey's, and I have Youth and Beauty, with a Fortune able to merit one, so farewell Cit. [Ex. Isabella.

*Anto.* Farewell, proud Fool.

*Jac.* Sir, be this evening at the door, Dona *Clara* has something to say to you. *Anto.*



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*Anto.* Bless thee for this Tidings, dear *Jacinta*. [*Ex. Jacinta.*  
—I find let man be Brave, or good, or wise,  
His Vertue gains no Smiels from Womens Eyes.  
Tis the gay Fool alone that takes the Heart,  
Foppery and Finery, still guide the Dart. [*Ex. Antonio.*

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## ACT II.

### SCENE I. *A Chamber.*

*Enter Jacinta with a Light, and Julia.*

*Jac.* **W**ELL, Madam, have you writ to *Don Carlos*?  
*Jul.* No, nor is it possible I shou'd, this Devil haunts  
me so from room to room, Like my evil *Genius* to prevent that  
good; oh, for an opportunity of one kind Minute, to return  
Acknowledgments for this kind Letter he has sent me.

*Jac.* I'm glad you find me a Sybill; Madam, I ever proficy'd  
a happier end of that Amour than your ill fortune has hitherto  
promised,——but what said the Lovely Cavalier?

*Jul.* All that a man inspir'd with Love cou'd say, All that was  
soft and Charming.

*Jac.* Nay, I believe his Art.

*Jul.* Judge then what my Heart Feels, who, like a fire but  
lightly cover'd o're with the cold Ashes of Despair, with the least  
blast, breaks out into a flame; I burn, I burn, *Jacinta*, and onely  
Charming *Carlos* can alay my Pain——but how, Ay there's the  
question?

*Jac.* Some way I will contrive to speak with him, for he has  
lost his old wont if he traverse not the street where you live, but  
see *Dona Clara*.—— [*Enter Clara.*

*Jul.* Hah, my Sister, whom yet my jealous heart can scarce be  
reconcil'd to; so deeply was my fear of Rivalship fixt there,——  
so sad, my Sister, and so near the happy day with *Carlos*?

*Cl.* 'Tis pity she that thinks it so, shou'd want him; the  
Blessing's thrown away on me, but we are both unhappy to be  
matcht



matcht to those we cannot love; *Carlos*, though young, gay, handsome; witty, rich; I hate as much as you the old *Francisco*; for since I cannot Marry my *Antonio*, both Youth and Beauty are but lost on me, And Age decrepid wou'd be equal torment.

*Jul.* Wou'd *Carlos* knew your heart, sure he'd decline, for he has too much Honor, to compell a Maid to yeild that loves him not.

*Cla.* 'Tis true, he is above me every way, and the Honor my Father thinks to do our Family by this Match, makes him resolve upon't; but I have given my Vows to young *Antonio*.

*Jul.* And young *Antonio* you are like to have, for any thing that *Carlos* cares; for know, to thy eternall joy, my *Clara*, he has but feign'd to thee, as much as thy *Antonio* to *Isabella*.

*Cla.* But are you sure of this?

*Jul.* Most certain, this Night if you can let *Antonio* see you, he'll tell you all the Cheat, and beg your Pardon.

*Cla.* Which he will soon obtain, and in return, what Service I can render him, in your behalf, he shall not want.

*Jul.* *Antonio* will engage you they are friends.

*Cla.* You amaze me.

*Jac.* I have appointed him this night to wait, and, if possible, I wou'd get him a Minutes time with you.

*Cla.* Dear *Jacinta*, thou art the kindest Maid.——

*Jac.* Hang't, why shou'd we young Women pine and Languish for what our own Natural invention may procure us; let us three lay our heads together, and if *Machavil*, with all his Politicks, can out-witt us, 'tis pity but we all lead Apes in Hell, and dy'd without the Jewish blessing of consolation.

*Jul.* No more, here comes the Dragon.——

*Enter Francisco.*

*Fran.* So; together Consulting and Contriving.——

*Jac.* What, are you jealous of the Peticoat?

*Fran.* Peticoat, Come, come, Mistress *Pert*, I have known as Much danger hid under a Peticoat, as a Pair of Breeches. I have heard of two Women that Married each other——oh abominable, as if there were so Prodigious a Scarcity of Christian Man's Flesh.

*Jac.* No, the market's well enough stor'd, thanks be praised, might

might every woman be afforded a reasonable Allowance.

*Fran.* Peace, I say, thou Imp of Lucifer; wou'd thou hadst thy Bellyfull, that I might be fairly rid of thee——go get you up to your Chamber, and, d'ye hear, stirr not from thence, on pain of our severe displeasure, for I am sent for in all haste to signior Don *Sebastians*, 'tis but hard by, I shall soon return;—what are you here——

*Enter Isabella.*

I have a high commendations of your fine behaviour, Gentlewoman, to *Antonio*; his Father has sent for me, and I shall know all anon, this shall but hasten your Wedding, Hufwife, I tell you that, and so Farewell to you,—— [*Ex. Isabella Crying.*]

*Cla.* Say you so, then tis time for me to look about me.

*Jul.* But will you go out so late Love! indeed, some hurt will come to thee.

*Fran.* No, look ye, I go Arm'd      { *Shows his Girdle round*  
Go get you to your Chambers.      { *with Pistolls.*  
[ *He goes out, they goe in.*]

SCENE changes to the Street.

*Enter Carlos, Antonio.*

*Car.* I wonder where this man of mine shou'd be, whom I sent this evening with my letter to *Julia*,      { *Enter Guzman,*  
what art thou?      { *runs against Carlos.*

*Guz.* My Lord, 'tis I, your trusty Trojan, *Guzman*,——  
what makes you here, Sir, so near the dore of your Mistress?

*Car.* To wait my doom; what Tidings hast thou *Guzman*!

*Guz.* Why, Sir, I went as you directed me, to Don *Baltazer's*.

*Car.* And didst thou deliver it?

*Guz.* And the first thing I mett with was old *Francisco*.

*Car.* So.

*Guz.* To whom I civilly adrest my self——told him, you presented your Service to him,——sent to know how his Lady and he did. Which word Lady I no sooner nam'd, but I thought he wou'd have saluted me with a Cudgell,——in fine, observing her behind him, whom he shelter'd all he cou'd with his Cloke, I, taking an occa sion to wisper him, gave it her over his shoulder,  
D      whilst



whilst she return'd some smiles and looks of joy,—— but for an answer, 'twas impossible to get the least sign of one.

*Car.* No matter, that joy was evident, she wisht me one, and by the first opportunity my diligent waiting will be recompenc'd; but, where hast thou been all this while?

*Guz.* Finding out the Chimney-sweeper, you spoke of Sir, and whom you order'd me to bring this Evening.

*Car.* And hast thou found him?

**Guz.** He's here, at the corner of the Street, I'll call him.

[Ex. Guz.

Car. I have, *Antonio*, besides your particular Revenge, one of my own to Act by this deceit, since all my Industry to see the charming *Julia* has hitherto been vain, I have resolv'd upon a new project, if this False Count pass upon 'em, as I doubt not but he will, and that he gets admittance into the House, I'll pass for one of his Domestiques.

*Enter Guzman and Guilion.* { Page holding his Lan-  
{ thorn to his face.

**Guz.** Here's the fellow, Sir.

*Anto.* Fellow, he may be the Devil's fellow by his countenance.

*Car.* Come nearer Friend; dost think thou canst manage a Plot well?

*Gnil.* As any man in *Cadéz*, Sir, with good instructions.

*Car.* That thou shalt have, thou art apprehensive.

*Guil.* So, so, I have a pretty memory for mischief.

*Anto.* Hast thou Assurance and Courage?

*Guil.* To kill the honestest man in Spain, if I be well paid.

*Car.* That thou shalt be.

*Guil.* I'll doe't, say no more, I'll doe't.

*Car.* But canst thou swear stoutly, & lye handsomly?

*Guil.* Prettily, by Nature Sir, but with good instructions I shall improve ; I thank Heav'n I have Doffety, or so.

*Car.* Thou want'st not confidence.

*Guil.* No, nor impudence neither ; how should a man live in this wicked world without that Talent.

*Anto.* Then know our Design is onely Comical, though if you manage not matters well, it may prove Tragical to you; in fine dost think thou canst personate a Lord?

*Guil.* A Lord, marry that's a hard question, but what sort of a Lord? *Car.*

**Car:**



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*Car.* Why any Lord.

*Guil.* That I cannot doe, but I can doe some sort of a Lord, as some Lords are wiser than other-some; there is your witty Lord,—— him I defie; your wise Lord, that is to say, your knavish Lord, him I renounce; then there's your Politique Lord, him I wou'd have hang'd;—— then there's your foolish Lord, let him follow the Polititian; then there's your Brisk, Pert, Noysey Lord, and such a small insignificant Fiend I care not if I am posselt with; I shall deal well enough with a Devil of his capacity.

*Car.* Very well, then there needs no more but that you go along with my man to my house, my authority shall secure you from all the injuries that shall accrue from a discovery, but I hope none will happen: Equipage, cloaths and money we'll furnish you with,—go home with him, and dress, and practise the Don, till we come, who will give you ample instructions what to doe.

*Guil.* And if I do not fit you with a Don better than Don De'll, Phobos, or Don Quixote, let me be hang'd up for the Sign of the Black Boy on my own Poles at a *Spanish* Inn dore.

*Anto.* We'll be with you presently.

*Guil.* And if you find me not en Cavalier, say Cloaths, Garniture, Points and Feathers have lost their Power of making one.  
[*Ex. Guz. and Page and Guil.*]

*Enter, opening the Dore, Jacinta.*

*Car.* Hah, the dore opens, and surely 'tis a Woman that advances, dear *Antonio*, wait a little farther;—— who's there?

*Jac.* Hah, if it shou'd be old *Francisco* now.

*Car.* Let it be who it will, I'll tell my name, it cannot injure either;—— I'm *Carlos*, who are you?

*Jac.* A thing that looks for him you name—— *Jacinta*;—— are you alone?

*Car.* Never since *Julia* did possess my heart; what news my dearest messenger of Love? what may I hope?——

*Enter Julia.*

*Jul.* All that the kindest Mistress can bestow,  
If *Carlos* loves, and still will keep his Vows.

*Car.* *Julia* my Life, my Soul, what happy Stars  
Conspir'd to give me this dear lucky minute?

*Jul.* Those that conducted old *Francisco* out,  
And will too soon return him back again;  
I dare not stay to hear thy love or chiding,  
Both which have power to charm, since both proceed  
From a kind heart, that's mine.

*Car.* Oh, take not this dear Body from my Arms,  
For if you do, my Soul will follow it.

*Jul.* What wouldst thou have me doe?

*Car.* Be wondrous kind, be lavish of thy Heart,  
Be generous in thy Love, and give me all.

*Jul.* Oh Heavens! what mean you? I shall dye with fear.

*Car.* Fear, let coward Lovers fear, who love by halves,  
We that intirely Love are bold in passion,  
Like Souldiers fir'd with glory dread no danger.

*Jul.* But should we be unthrifty in our Loves,  
And for one moment's joy give all away,  
And be hereafter damn'd to pine at distance?

*Car.* Mistaken Miser, Love like Money put  
Into good hands increases every day,  
Still as you trust me, still the Summ amounts,  
Put me not off with promise of to morrow,  
To morrow will take care for new delights,  
Why shou'd that rob us of a present one?

*Jul.* Ah *Carlos*!

How fondly do I listen to thy words,  
And fain would chide, and fain would boast my Vertue;  
But mightier Love laughs at those poor delays;  
And I should doubtless give you all your *Julia*,  
Did not my fear prevent my kinder business;  
—— And should *Francisco* come and find me absent,  
Or take thee with me, we were lost, my *Carlos*.

*Car.* When then, my *Julia* shall we meet again?

*Jul.* You *Spaniards* are a jealous Nation,  
But in this *English Spaniard* old *Francisco*,  
That mad passion's doubled; wholly deprives him of his Sense,  
and turnes his Nature Brute; wou'd he but trust me onely with  
my Woman, I wou'd contrive some way to see my *Carlos*.

*Car.* 'Tis certain, *Julia*, that thou must be mine.

*Jul.* Or I must dye, my *Carlos*.

[*Anto.* listening advances.

*Anto.* —— I'm sure 'tis *Carlos's* voice, and with a woman;  
and



And though he be my Rival but in Jest,  
I have a natural curiosity to see who 'tis he entertains.

*Jul.* Oh Heavens! Sir, here's *Francisco*; step aside  
Least mischief shou'd befall you. [Runs in.

*Car.* Now Love and wild desire prompt me to kill this happy  
Rival, ——— he's old, and can't be long in his arrears to Nature.  
——— What if I paid the debt? [Draws half way.

One single push wou'd do't, and *Julia's* mine; ——— but hang't  
Adultery is a less sin than Murther, and I will wait my For-  
tune ———

*Anto.* Where are you, ——— *Don Carlos*?

*Car.* Who's there, *Antonio*? I took thee for my Rival, and  
ten to one but I had done thy business.

*Anto.* I heard ye talking, and believ'd you safe, and came in  
hopes to get a little time to speak to *Clara* in; ——— hah! ———

*Jacinta* ———

*Jac.* Who's there, *Antonio*? [Peeping of out the dore.

*Anto.* The same; may I not speak with *Clara*?

*Jac.* Come in, she's here. ———

*Car.* And 'prethee, dear *Jacinta*, let me have one word with  
*Julia* more, she need not fear surprise; just at the dore let me  
but kiss her hand. [Goes in.

*Jac.* I'll see if I can bring her. ———

*Enter Francisco.*

*Fran.* A proud ungracious Flurt, ——— a Lord with a Pox,  
here's a fine business i'faith, that she should be her own Car-  
ver, ——— well I'll home, and thunder her together with a vengeance.

*Car.* Who's here? sure this is he indeed; I'll step aside, least  
my being seen give him an occasion of jealousy, and make him  
affront his Wife. [Goes aside as Fran. was going in.

*Enter Julia.*

*Fran.* Hum, what have we here, a woman?

*Jul.* Heavens! what, not gone yet, my Dear?

*Fran.* So, so, 'tis my confounded wife, who expecting some  
body wou'd have me gone now.

*Jul.* Are you not satisfied with all I've said,  
With all the vows I've made,  
Which here anew, in sight of Heaven, I breath?



*Fran.* Yes, yes, you can promise fair, but hang him that trusts ye.

*Jul.* Go, go, and 'pray be satisfied of my eternal love.——

*Fran.* How fain she'd have me gone now; ah subtil Serpent, is not this plain demonstration,——I shall murder her, I find the Devil great with me. *[aside still.]*

*Jul.* ——What is't thou pawfest on?

*Fran.* The wicked dissimulation of villainous woman. *{ aloud*

*Jul.* *Francisco.* *{ to her.*

*Fran.* Oh thou monster of Ingratitude, have I caught thee? You'd have me gone, wou'd ye? ay, to Heaven, I believe, like a wicked woman as you are, so you were rid of me.

—— go, —— and be satisfied of my eternal love, —— ah, Gipsy, —— no, Gentlewoman, I am a tuff bit, and will hold you tugging till your heart ake.

*Jul.* Why, was there such hurt in desiring you to go, that you might make hast back again, —— oh my fears!

*Fran.* That you might receive a lover, —— 'tis plain —— and my indignation's high. ——

*Jul.* Heav'n knows I meant ——

*Fran.* Onely to Cuckold me a little, —— get you in, —— where I will swear thee by Bell, Book and Candle, —— get you in, I say, —— go, go, —— I'll watch for your Lover, and tell him how unkind he was to stay so long, I will. ——

*{ Ex. Julia, he stands just in the dore, Carlos advances.*

*Car.* I hear no noise, sure 'twas he, —— and he's gone in —— To reap those joys he knows not how to value, And I must languish for; I'll stay a little —— perhaps *Jacinta* may return again, for any thing belonging to my *Julia* is dear, even to my Soul. *[Goes just to the dore, Fran. bolts out on him.]*

*Fran.* who's there? —— what wou'd you have? —— who wou'd you speak to? —— who do you come from? —— and what's your business?

*Car.* Hah, 'tis the Sot himself; —— my name is *Carlos.*

*Fran.* *Carlos*, what father of *Belzibub* sent him hither, —— a plain case; —— I'll murder her out of hand.

*Car.* —— And I wou'd speak to any body, Friend, that belongs to the fair *Clara*, —— if you are any of this house.

*Fran.* Onely the Cuckold of the house, that's all; —— my name

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name, Sir, is *Francisco*; but you, perhaps, are better acquainted with my Wife.

*Car.* *Francisco*, let me imbrace you, my Noble Brother,  
And chide you, that you wou'd not Visit me. { *Going to imbrace*

*Fran.* And bring my Wife along with me. { *him, he flies off.*

*Car.* Both had been wellcome—and all I have, you shou'd Command.

*Fran.* For my Wife's sake——what if I shou'd Pistoll him now;—and I am damnably provokt to't, had I but Courage to shoot off one. [*aside*

*Car.*—Methinks you make not so kind returns as my Friendship to you, and the Alliance shall be between us, deserves.

*Fran.* I am something Ill-bred I confess, Sir;——'tis dark, and if I shou'd do't no body wou'd know 'twas I. [*aside*

*Car.* I fear there's some misunderstanding between us, pray let us go in a while, I'll talk you from your error. { *Offers to goe, he gets between him and the dore.*

*Fran.* Between us, Sir, oh Lord, not in the least, Sir, I love and Honour you, so heartily—I'd be content to give you to the Devil; but the noyse of the Pistoll wou'd discover the business. [*aside*

*Car.*—Come let's in, and talk a while.

*Fran.* I'm sorry I cannot do't, Sir, we are something incommoded being not at our own house.

*Car.* Brother, I am afraid you are a little inclin'd to be jealous, that will destroy all friendship.——

*Fran.* So, how finely the Devil begins to insinuate?

*Car.*—that makes a Hell of the Heav'n of Love, and those very pains you fear, are less tormenting than that fear; what say you, Brother, is't not so with you?

*Fran.*——I find you wou'd have me turn a Husband of the Mode, a fine convenient Tool, one of the Modern humour, a Civil person, that understands Reason, or so; and I doubt not but you wou'd be as Modish a Gallant.

*Car.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Fran.* What, doe you Laugh, Sir?

*Car.* Who can chuse; to hear your suspicions, your needless Fears. Come, come, trust your Wives discretion, and Modesty——and I doubt not but you will find your self.——

*Fran.* ——In the Rode to Heaven, whither they say all Cuckolds goe——I thank you for your advice; I perceive you



you wou'd willingly help me onwards of my Journey.—

*Car.* I'm glad I know you, Sir, ———farewell to you.—

[*Goes out.*]

*Fran.* No matter for that, so you know not my Wife——and so, farewell to you, Sir, and, the Devil take all Cuckold-makers. [Ex.]

SCENE *The inside of the House.*

*Enter Clara, Julia, Antonio, Jacinta running to 'em.*

*Jac.* He has seen Don Carlos, and they have been in great discourse together, I cou'd not hear one word, but you'll have it at both ears anon, I'll warrant you.

Ha, he's coming.—

*Enter Francisco.*

*Cla.* Heavens, he must not see you here.— [To Antonio.]

*Jac.* Here, step in to Clara's Bed-chamber.— [He goes in.]

*Fran.* So, the Plot's at last discover'd, ———he was a Cavalier of his Parole.

*Jul.* Who speak you of?

*Fran.* Onely the Governour, the fine young Governour, I deliver'd him the message, told him my mind, and the like.

*Jul.* So kind to visit us, and have you sent him away already?

*Fran.* Ah, Witch; already, ———why, have I any lodging for him?

*Jul.* But I am glad you brought him not in, I being so unready.

*Fran.* But you are always ready for him, my dear victorious Man-slayer.

*Jac.* What means he, sure he has a Gad-bee in his brain.

*Fran.* Satan's shee Advocate——peace I say;——so,——you look as innocently now, as a little Devil of two years old, I'll warrant;——come, come,——look me full in the face——thus,——turn your nose just to mine——so——now tell me whose damnable Plot this was, to send your Gallant with his Eloquence, Querks and Conundrums, to tutour me into better manners?

*Jul.* Send him; I'll answer no such idle questions.—

*Fran.* He has taken a world of pains about your particular Chapter,



Chapter, and no doubt but he preacht according to instructions;—what say you for your self, that Judgment may not pass?

*Jul.* I say, you're an old jealous Fool; have I seen Don Carlos, or heard from Don Carlos, or sent to Don Carlos? here's a doe indeed.

*Fran.* What made you at the dore against my positive commands,——the very street dore,——in the night,——alone,——and undrest,——this is matter of Fact, Gentlewoman; you hastned me away,——a plain case,——and presently after Don Carlos comes to the dore,——positive proof,——sees me and falls right down upon my jealousy,—clear conviction,——'twas pity but I had followed his counsel, yes, when the Devil turns student in Divinity;——but no matter, I'll see your back fairly turn'd upon this Town to morrow; I'll marry my Daughter in the morning to Antonio, and a fair wind or not, we'll home; the Gally lies ready in the Harbour—therefore prepare, pack up your tooles, for you are no woman of this world.

*Anto.* How? marry me to morrow to his daughter;——and carry his Wife from my friend; this misfortune must be prevented.

[*Aside peeping.*]

*Fran.* And so, Mistress, come your ways to your Chamber.

*Jul.* And study how to prevent this cruel separation.

{ *Aside, goes out with*  
*him and Jacinta.*

*Cla.* Ah Antonio, I find by that sad look of yours, you have over heard our hasty Doom.

*Anto.* I have, and am a little surpris'd at the suddainness of it; and I my self am the unlucky occasion of it,——to break it off; I told my father how scurvily *Isabella* treated me,——he thereupon sends for old *Francisco*, tells him of my complaint, and instead of disingaging my self, I find my self more undone.

*Cla.* What shall we doe? I'm sure thou wilt not marry her, thou canst not do't and hope to go to Heaven.

*Anto.* No, I have one prevention left, and if that fail, I'll utterly refuse to marry her, a thing so vainly proud; no Laws of Nature or Religion, sure, can bind me to say yes; and for my Fortune, 'tis my own, no Father can command it.

*Cla.* I know thou wilt be true, and I'll not doubt it.

E

*Enter.*

*Enter Jacinta.**Jac.* Ah! Madam, the saddest news——*Cla.* Hah! what?*Jac.* Poor Gentle-man, I pity you of all things in the world, ——you must be forc'd——how can I utter it, ——to the most lamentable torment that ever Lover endur'd——to remain all night in your Mistress's Chamber.*Anto.* Alas, how shall I indure so great an affliction?*Cla.* And I.*Jac.* Ha, ha, ha, how I am griev'd to think on't; ha, ha, ha, that you shou'd both be so hardly put to't; ha, ha, ha, for the old Gentle-man has lockt all the dores, and took the keys to bed to him, ——go get you in, ——ha, ha, ha, ——*Anto.* Oh, my dear *Clara*, this is a blessing, I cou'd not hope.*Cla.* So large a freedom shall my Vertue prove,  
I'll trust my Honour with *Antonio's* Love.*[They go in.]**[Ex. Jacinta laughing.]*

## A C T III.

## S C E N E I.

*Enter Don Carlos, in his Night-gown, Antonio and  
Guzman with Cloaths.**Car.* **A**LL night with *Clara* say'st thou? that was lucky; but  
was she kind, my friend?*Anto.* As I desir'd, or honour wou'd permit her;  
Nor wou'd I press her farther.*Car.* A very moderate Lover.*Anto.* For some part of my Vertue, Sir, I owe to you, in  
midst of all my Love, even in the kindest moments of delight,  
my joys were broken by concern for you.——*Julia* this day, or very suddainly, leaves *Cadez*.*Car.*



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*Car.* By Heaven, and so will *Carlos* then, for I'm so resolutely bent to possess that dear creature,  
That I will do't with hazard of my life,  
Expend of Fortune, or what's dear to me.

*Guz.* And how wou'd you reward that politique head, that shou'd contrive the means to bring this handsomly about; not for an hour, or a night, but even as long as you please, with freedom; without the danger of venturing your honourable neck, in showing feats of activitie three stories high, with a Dagger in one hand and a Pistol in t'other, like a Rope-dancer?

*Car.* But how? thou talkest of impossibilities.

*Anto.* Dost think she'll e'er consent to quit her Husband?

*Guz.* No, Heaven forbid, I am too good a Christian to part man and wife; but being naturally inclin'd to works of Charity, I will with one project I have in this noddle of mine,—make old *Francisco* a Cuckold, accommodate my Lord and *Julia*, serve you, Sir,—and give our selves a good Scene of mirth.

*Car.* Thou amazest me.

*Guz.* If I doe't not, send me to the Galleys, nay, and so far cure the jealousy of the old Fellow, that from a rigid suspicious troublesome Fool, he shall become so tame and gentle a Husband,—that he shall desire you to favour him so much as to lie with his dear Wife.

*Car.* By what strange Witchcraft shall this be brought to pass?

*Guz.* E'n honest invention, Sir, good Faith, listen and believe: —When he goes, he certainly goes by Sea, to save the charges of Mules.

*Anto.* Right, I heard him say so; in the Galley that lies in the Port.

*Guz.* Good, there is a Galley also, in the Harbour, you lately took from the Turks; habits too were taken in her enough to furnish out some forty or fifty as convenient *Turks* as a man wou'd wish at the Devil.

*Car.* Ah Rogue, I begin to apprehend already.

*Guz.* Our Turkish Galley thus man'd, I'll put to Sea, and about a League from Land, with a sham-fight, set on that of old *Francisco*, take it, make 'em all slaves, clap the old Fellow under hatches, and then you may deal with the fair slave his Wife, as *Adam* did with *Eve*.

*Car.* I'm ravisht with the thought.



*Anto.* But what will be the event of this?

*Car.* I will not look so far, but stop at the dear Joys, and Fear no Fate beyond 'em.

*Guz.* Nay, with a little Cudgelling this dull Brain of mine, I shall advance it Farther for the Jest sake;—as I take it, Seignior Don Antonio, you have a fine Villa, within a Bow shot of this City belonging to your self.

*Anto.* I have, with pleasant Gardens, Grotto's, Water-works.—

*Car.* A most admirable Scene for Love and our designs.

*Anto.* 'Tis yours, Sir.

*Guz.* Then, Sir, when we have taken this old Fool, on whom the grosest cheat wou'd pass, much more this, which shall carry so seeming a Truth in't, he being clapt under hatches in the Dark, we'll wind round a league or two at Sea, turn in, and Land at this Garden, Sir, of yours, which we'll pretend to be a *Seraglio* belonging to the *Grand Seignior*; whither, in this hot part o'th year, he goes to Regale himself with his *She Slaves*.

*Car.* But the Distance of Place and Time allow not such a Falacie.

*Guz.* Why, he never read in's life; knows neither Longitude nor Latitude, and *Constantinople* may be in the midst of *Spain* for any thing he knows; besides, his Fear will give him little Leasure for thinking.

*Anto.* But how shall we doe with the Seamen of this other Gally?

*Guz.* There's not above a Dozen, besides the Slaves that are chain'd to the Oar, and those Dozen, a Pistoll a piece wou'd not onely make 'em assist in the Design, but betray it in earnest to the *Grand Seignior*;—for them I'll undertake, the Master of it being *Pier de sula* your Fathers Old Servant, Sir. [*To Carlos.*

*Anto.* But possibly his mind may alter upon the Arrival of this false Count of ours?

*Car.* No matter, make sure of those Seamen however; that they may be ready upon occasion.

*Anto.* 'Tis high time for me, that your Count were arriv'd, for this Morning is destin'd the last of my Liberty.

*Car.* This Morning—Come haste and dress me—[*To Guzman.*  
—*Guzman*, where's our Count?

*Enter*

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*Enter Guilion drest fine, two great Pages and  
a little one following.*

*Guz.* Coming to give you the good Morrow, Sir.  
And shew you how well he looks the Part.

*Car.* Good day to your Lordship—

[*Bowing.*

*Guil.* Morrow, morrow friend.

*Anto.* My Lord, your most humble servant.

*Guil.* Thank you friend, thank you ; Page, Boy—what'st  
a Clock Sirrah ?

*Pag.* About Eight, my Lord.

*Anto.* Your Lordship's early up ?

*Guil.* My stomach was up before me, friend ; and I'm dam-  
nable hungry ; 'tis strange how a man's Appetite increases with  
his Greatness ; I'll swinge it away now I'm a Lord,—then I  
will wench without mercy ; I'm Resolv'd to spare neither man,  
Woman, nor Child, not I ; hey Rogues, Rascalls, Boys, my  
Breakfast, quickly Dogs—let me see what shall I have now that's  
Rare ?

*Pag.* What will your Honour please to have ?

*Guil.* A small rasher of delicate Bacon, Sirrah—of about a  
Pound, or two, with a small Morcel of bread—round the  
Loaf, d'ye hear, quickly Slaves.

*Anto.* That's grose meat, Sir, a pair of Quails—or—

*Guil.* I thank you for that i'faith, take your Don again, an  
you, please, I'll not be starv'd for nere a Don in Christiandom.

*Anto.* But you must study to refine your manners a little.

*Guil.* Manners, you shall pardon me for that, as if a Lord  
had not more privilege to be more sawcy, more rude, imper-  
tinent, slovenly and foolish than the rest of his Neighbours, or  
man-kind.

*Car.* Ay, ay 'tis great.

*Guil.* Your sawcy Rudeness, in a *Grandee*, is Freedom ; your  
Impertinence, Wit ; your Sloven, Careless ; and your Fool,  
good Natur'd, at least they shall pass so in me, I'll warrant yee.

*Car.* Well, you have your full instructions ; your Baggage,  
Bills and Letters, from *O&avio* the Sivilian Merchant.

*Guz.* All, all, Sir, are ready, and his Lordship's breakfast  
waits.

*Car.* Which ended, we advance,

E 3

Just

Just, when *Aurora* rose from *Thetis* Bed,  
 Where he had wanton'd a short Summer's night,  
 Harnest his bright hoov'd Horses to begin  
 His Gilded Course about the Firmament,  
 Out sallyed Don *Guilelmo Roderigo de Chimeny swiperio*, and  
 so forth. Gad this Adventure of ours will be worthy to be  
 sung in Heroick Rhime Dogerell; before we have finisht it;  
 Come—— [Goes out.

*Guil.* Hey Rogues, Rascalls, Boys, follow me just behind.

[Exeunt.

## SCENE II.

*Enter Clara and Jacinta.*

*Jac.* Nay I knew he wou'd be Civil, Madam, or I wou'd  
 have born you company, but neither my Mistress nor I, Cou'd  
 sleep one wink all night, for fear of a Discovery in the Morn-  
 ing, and, to save the poor Gentleman a tumbling Cast from  
 the window, my Mistress, just at day break, fain'd her self won-  
 drous sick, —I was call'd, desir'd to goe to Seignior *Spadillio's*  
 the Apothecary's, at Next door, for a Cordial; and so he slipt  
 out;—but the Story of this False Count pleases me extream-  
 ly, and, if it shou'd take, Lord, what mirth we shall have.  
 Ha, ha, ha, I can't forbear with the thoughts on't.

*Clara.* And to see the Governor his man?

*Jac.* Ah, what a Jest will that be too,——Ha ha ha; but  
 here Comes *Isabella*; lets puff up her Pride with Flatteries on  
 her Beauty——

*Enter Isabella looking in a Glass, and setting her Face.*

*Isa.* Ah, Heavens, those Eyes,—that Look;——that pretty  
 Lear,——that my Father shou'd be so Doting an old Fool,  
 to think these Beauties fit for a little Merchandize, —a Marchi-  
 oness wou'd so much better become me. [Looks again.  
 —ah what a smile's there—and then that scornfull look—  
 tis great—heav'ns who's here?—— [Sees them.

*Clara.* Only those Friends that wish you better Fortune than  
 this day promises.

*Jac.*



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*Jac.* Look on that Face ; Are there not lines that foretell a world of greatness, and promise much Honour ?

*Cla.* Her Face, her Shape, her Mien, her every Part, declares her Lady—or something more.—

*Isa.* Why so, and yet this little creature of a Father, ridiculous and unambitious, would spoil this Lady, to make up a simple Citizen's Wife—in good time.

*Jac.* That very look had some presageing Grandure.

*Isa.* Do you think so, *Jacinta*, Ha, ha, ha.—

*Jac.* That laugh again, oh heav'ns, how it Charmes ?

*Cla.* Ah how Gracefull 'tis.

*Jac.* Ah, nothing but a great Gilt Coach will become it.

*Cla.*—With Six *Spanish* Mares.—

*Jac.*—And embroider'd Trapings.—

*Cla.*—With four Lackeys.

*Jac.*—And a Page at the taile on't.

*Cla.* She's evidently design'd for a Person of quality.

*Isa.* Besides I have so Natural an inclination for a Don, that if my Father do force me to marry this small Creature of a Merchant, I shall make an intregue with some body of quality.

*Cla.* Could you but manage it well and keep it from *Antonio*.

*Isa.* Keep it from *Antonio*,—is it think you for a little, silly *Cit*, to complaint when a Don does him the Honour to Visit his Lady ! Marry that were pretty.

*Enter Francisco, and Lopez.*

*Fran.* How, a Count, to speak with me ; With me, I say, —here at *Cadez* ?

*Lop.* A Count, Sir, and to speak with you.

*Fran.* Art sure 'tis not the Governour ?—I'll goe lock up my Wife.

*Lop.* Governour, Sir, No, no, 'tis a mear stranger, Sir, a rare Count whom I never saw all dayes of my life before.

*Fran.* And, with me, would he speak ? I hope he comes not to my Wife.

*Enter*

*Enter Julia.*

*Jul.* Oh Husband, the delicatest fine Person of Quality, just alighted at the door, Husband.

*Fran.* What, have you seen him then, the Devil's in these Women, and there be but a loop hole to peep out off they'll spy a man, ——I'm resolv'd to see this thing.—goe, retire you women, here's men coming up.

*Isa.* And will men eat us?

*Fran.* No, but they may doe worse, they may look on ye, and Looking breeds Likeing; and Likeing, Love; and Love, a damn'd thing, call'd Desire; and Desire begets the Devil and all of Mischief to young wenches.—Get ye gon in, I say,—here's a Lord coming—and Lords are plagueie things to women.

*Isa.* How, a Lord! oh, heav'ns! *Jacinta*, my Fan, and set my Hair in order, Oh the Gods! I wou'd not but see a Lord for all the world! how my Heart beats already ——keep your Distance behind, *Jacinta*,——Bless me, how I tremble—— a little farther, *Jacinta*.

*Fran.* Come, come Husewife, you shall be Marry'd anon, and then let your Husband have the Plague of you——but for my Gentlewoman,——Oh Lord——they're here.

*Enter Guilion, Carlos and Pages, &c.*

*Guil.* How now, Fellow, where's this old Don *Francisco*?

*Fran.* I'm the Person, Sir?

*Isa.* Heav'ns, what an Ayr he has?

*Guil.* Art thou he? Old Lad, how dost thou doe? Hah!

*Fran.* I don't know.

*Guil.* Thou knowest me not it seems, old Fellow, hah!

*Fran.* Know you——no, nor desire to doe,——on what acquaintance pray?

*Guil.* By Instinct, such as you ought to know a Person of Quality, and pay your Civilities naturally; in *France*, where I have travell'd, so much good Manners is us'd, your Cittizen puls of his hat, thus—to every Horse of quality, and every Coach of quality; and doe you pay my proper Person, no more respect hah!

*Isa.* What a dishonour's this, to me, to have so Dull a Father, that needs to be instructed in his Duty.

*Guil.*

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*Guil.* But, Sir, to open the eyes of your understanding——  
here's a Letter to you, from your Correspondant a Merchant of  
*Sivil.*

*{ Gives him a dirty Letter, which he wipes on his Cloak,  
and reads, and begins to pull off his hat, and reading  
on bows lower and lower till he have finisht it.*

*Fran.* Cry Mercy, my Lord, and yet I wou'd he were a thou-  
sand Leagues off.

*Guil.* I have bills of Exchange too, directed to thee, old Fel-  
low, at *Sivil*; but, finding thee not there, and, I (as most  
persons of my Quality are) being something idle, and ne-  
ver out of my way, came to this Town, to seek thee, Fel-  
low,——being recommended as thou seest here, old Vermin,  
——here.—— *[Gives him Bills.]*

*Isa.* Ah what a gracefull Mien he has? how fine his conver-  
sation? ah, the difference between him and a filthy Citizen.

*Jul.* ——*Clara* has told me all.—— *Jac.* *whispering to Jul.*

*Car.* That's she in the middle; stand looking on her langui-  
shingly,——your head a little a one side,——so,——fold  
your arms,——good,——now and then heave your breast with  
a sigh,——most excellent.—— *[He groans.]*

*Fran.* Bills for so many thousands.

*Jac.* He has you in his eye already.——

*Isa.* Ah, *Jacinta* thou flatterest me.

*Jac.* Return him some kind looks in pity.

*[She sets her eyes and bows, &c.]*

*Car.* That other's my Mistress,——cou'd'st thou but keep this  
old Fellow in discourse whilst I give her the sign to retire a little.——

*Guil.* I'll warrant you I'll banter him till you have Cuckold  
him, If you manage matters as well as I.

*Fran.* My Lord, I ask your pardon for my rudeness in not  
knowing you before, which I ought to have done in good  
manners, I confess;——who the Devil does he stare at so?——Wife,  
I command you to withdraw, upon pain of our high displeasure.  
——my Lord, I shall dispatch your affairs,——he minds me not,  
——Ay,——'tis my Wife,——I say, Minion, begon,——your  
Bills, my Lord, are good, and I accept *{ Julia goes to t'other*  
'em;——why, what a Devil he minds me *{ side to Carlos.*

not yet,——and though I am not at my proper home,——I  
am where I can command Money,——hum,——sure 'tis my  
daughter,——Ay, ay,——'tis so, how if he shou'd be smit-



ten now; the plague jade had sure the spirit of Prophecie in her; 'tis so, — 'tis she, — my Lord. —

*Guil.* Prethee, old Fellow, peace, — I am in Love. —

*Fran.* In Love, — what, shall I be the Father of a Lord, wou'd it become me, think ye? — he's mighty full of Cogitabund; — my Lord, — my Lord, — sure his Soul has left the Tenement of his Body, — I have his Bills here, and care not if it never return more. [Looks over the Bills.

*Car.* Dear *Julia*, let's retire, our time's but short.

*Jul.* I dare not with you, the venture wou'd be too bold in a young beginner in the Thefts of Love.

*Guil.* — Her Eyes are Suns, by *Jove*. —

*Car.* Oh, nothing is so ventrous as Love, if it be true.

*Guil.* — Or else, two Morning Stars,  
All other Beauties are but Soot to her.

*Jul.* But shou'd my husband —

*Car.* He's safe for one dear half hour, I'll warrant you, come.

*Fran.* Um — my Wife here still, — must I begin to thunder? —

*Jul.* Lord, and you be so froward, I'll be gone. —

*Car.* So, her Husband kind heart lest she should be cruel, has himself given me the dear opportunity. — [Aside.

— Be sure you keep the old Fellow in discourse a while.

*Guil.* Be you as sure to Cuckold him. — [Ex. Car. and Jul.  
— Old Fellow, — prethee what person of quality's that?

*Fran.* Person of quality, — alas, my Lord, 'tis a silly Citizen's daughter.

*Guil.* A Citizen's; what clod of earth cou'd bring forth such a Beauty?

*Fran.* Alas, my Lord, I am that clod of Earth, and to Earth if you call it so, she must return again, for she's to be married to a Citizen this Morning.

*Guil.* Oh! I am doubly wounded, first with her harmonious eyes, Who've fir'd my heart to that degree,  
No Chimney ever burnt like me.  
Fair Lady, — suffer the Broom of my Affection to sweep all other Lovers from your heart.

*Isa.* Ah, my Lord, name it not, I'm this day to be married.

*Guil.* To day; — name me the Man, Man, did I say, the Monster that dares lay claim to her, I dain to love, — none  
answer

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answer me,——I'll make him smother by *Vulcan*——and all the rest of the Goddesses.

*Fran.* Bless me, what a furious thing this Love is?

*Guil.* By this bright sword, that is so us'd to slaughter, [*Draws.* he dies; old Fellow, say——the Poltroons name.

*Fran.* Oh fearful——alas, dread Sir!——

*Isa.* Ah! sheath your Sword, and calm your generous Rage.

*Guil.* I cannot brook a Rival in my Love, the rustling Pole of my affection is too strong to be resisted.——  
{
Runs raging up and down the Stage with his Sword in his hand.

*Isa.* I cannot think, my Lord, so mean a Beauty, can so suddenly charm a heart so great as yours.

*Guil.* Oh! you're mistaken, as soon as I cast my eyes upon the full moon of your countenance, I was struck blind and dumb.——

*Fran.* Ay, and deaf too, I'll be sworn, he cou'd neither hear, see nor understand; this Love's a miraculous thing.

*Guil.* And that minute, the most renown'd Don *Guilelmo Roderigo de Chimeny-swiperio*, became your Galley slave,——I say no more, but that I do Love,——and I will Love, and that if you are but half so willing as I, I will dub you, Vicountess *de Chimeny Swiperio*.

*Isa.* I am in Heaven, ah! I dye, *Jacinta*.  
 How can I credit this, that am so much unworthy?

*Guil.* I'll doe't, say no more, I'll doe't.

*Fran.* Doe't, but my Lord, how, and with what face can I put off Signior *Antonio*, hum?

*Guil.* *Antonio*,——hay, Pages, give order that *Antonio* be instantly run through the Lungs——d'ye hear?

*Fran.* Oh, hold, hold, my Lord! run through the Lungs.

*Page.* It shall be done, my Lord, but, what *Antonio*?

*Guil.* Why any *Antonio*; all the *Antonio's* that you find in *Cadez*.

*Fran.* Oh, what bloody minded Monsters these Lords are!

——But, my Lord, I'll ne'r give you the trouble of killing him, I'll put him off with a handsome compliment; as thus,——Why, look ye, Friend *Antonio*, the business is this, my Daughter *Isabella* may marry a Lord, and you may go fiddle.——

*Guil.* Ay, that's civil,——and if he do not desist, I'll unpeople *Spain* but I'll kill him; for, Madam, I'll tell you what happened to me in the Court of *France*----there was a Lady in



the Court in love with me,——she took a liking to my Person which,——I think,——you will confess.——

*Isa.* To be the most accomplisht in the World.

*Guil.* ——I had some fixscore Rivals, they all took snuff; that is, were angry,——at which I smil'd;——they were incensed, at which I laught, ha, ha, ha,——i'faith; they rag'd, I——when I met 'em,——Cockt, thus——*en passant*——justled 'em——thus,——  
[Overthrows Fran.]

They turn'd and frown'd,——thus,——I——drew.——

*Fran.* What, on all the fixscore, my Lord?

*Guil.* All, all; sa sa, quoth I, sa sa sa, sa sa sa.

[Fences him round the Stage.]

*Fran.* Hold, hold, my Lord, I am none of the fixscore.

*Guil.* ——and run 'em all through the body——

*Fran.* Oh Heavens! and kild 'em all.

*Guil.* Not a man,——onely run 'em through the Body a little, that's all; my two boys were by, my Pages here.

*Isa.* Is it the fashion, Sir, to be attended by Pages so big?

*Guil.* Pages of honour always;——these were stinted at nurse, or they had been good proper fellows.

*Fran.* I am so frighted with this relation, that I must up to my Wifes Chamber for a little of that stong Cordial that recover'd her this morning.——  
[Going out Guil. stays him.]

*Guil.* Why, I'll tell you, Sir, what an odd sort of a wound I received in a duel the other day,——nay, Ladies, I'll show it you; in a very odd place——in my back parts.

{Goes to untuck his breeches,  
the Ladies squeak.

*Isa.* Ah!

*Pag.* Show a wound behind, Sir, the Ladies will think you are a Coward.

*Guil.* Peace Child, peace, the Ladies understand Dueling as little as my self;——but, since you are so tender-hearted, Ladies, I'll not show my wound; but faith, it spoil'd my dancing.

[Page comes in.]

*Page.* My Lord, now you talk of dancing, here's your baggage brought from a-board the Gally by your Sea-men, who us'd to entertain you with their rustick sports.

*Guil.* Very well; Sir, with your permission, I am resolv'd whether you will, or no, to give the Ladies some divertisement,  
——bid



—bid 'em come in; nay, Sir, you stirr not, [Ex. Page.  
'Tis for your delight, Sir, I doe't; for, Sir, you must under-  
stand, a man, if he have any thing in him, Sir, of Honour, for  
the case, Sir, lies thus, 'tis not the business of an Army to droll  
upon an Enemy,—truth is, every man loves a whole skin;—  
but, 'twas the fault of the best States-man in Christendome to be  
loose in the hilts;—you conceive me.

*Fran.* Very well, my Lord, I'll swear he's a rare spoken man;  
— why, what a Son-in-law shall I have? I have a little business  
my Lord, but I'll wait on you presently. [Going out.

*Guil.* —Sir, there is nothing like your true Jest, a thing  
once well done, is twice done, and I am the happiest man in the  
World in your alliance;—for, Sir, a Noble-man if he have  
any tollerable parts, — is a thing above the Vulgar; — oh,  
—here come the Dancers;

*Enter Dancers.*

Come, sit down by me.

*Fran.* 'Tis my duty to stand, my Lord.

*Guil.* Nay, you shall sit.—— [They dance with Don.

*Enter Antonio.*

*Anto.* Good day, Sir, I hope you will not chide my tardiness,  
I have a little overslept my self, and am asham'd to see my love-  
ly Bride, and all this worthy company attend;

——But you, fair Creature.—— [To Isabella

*Isa.* No marrying to day, Sir.

*Fran.* No, Sir, no marrying to day.——

*Anto.* How, do I dream, or hear this from *Francisco*?

*Guil.* How now, Fellow, what art thou?

*Anto.* The Husband of that proud disdainfull Woman.

*Guil.* Another word like that,——and thou art——

*Anto.* ——What, Sir?——

*Fran.* ——Oh, hold, hold, my Lord! *Antonio*, I must tell  
you, you're uncivil.

*Guil.* Dost know, dull Mortal, that I am a Lord,  
And *Isabella* my adopted Lady?

*Anto.* I beg your pardon, Sir, if it be so, poor Mortals can  
but grieve in silence.

*Guil.* Alas poor Mortal!

*Anto.* But, for you, *Francisco*.

*Fran.* Ah, dear *Antonio*, I vow and swear I cannot chuse but weep to lose thee; but my Daughter was born for a Lady and none can help their destinie.

*Anto.* And is it possible thou canst use me thus? [To *Isa.*

*Isa.* Take away that little Fellow, in pity of your life, I dain to bid you withdraw and be safe.

*Guil.* D'ye hear, hah? ——— this Lady has beg'd your life.

*Anto.* Beg'd my life.

*Guil.* Vile wretch, dar'est thou retort?

[*Draws, the Women hold him.*

*Fran.* Oh! hold, hold my noble son-in-law, he shall doe any thing; ——— dear *Antonio*, confider, — I was never Father to a Lord all daies of my life before: ——— my Lord, be pacified, my Daughter shall be a Lady. ———

*Isa.* For my sake, spare him, and be Friends with him, as far as you may dain to be with a little Citizen.

*Guil.* Fellow, I forgive thee, ——— here's my hand to kifs in sign and token I am appeas'd

[*Gives him his hand to kifs, 'tis all black.*

*Anto.* A Pox of his honourable hand, 't had like to have spoil'd all, ——— well, ——— since it must be so, — I am content —

*Guil.* So, now peace is concluded on, on all sides, what shall we do to day besides eating and drinking in abundance; for to morrow I shall get my self in order for my marriage?

*Cla.* What thinks your Honour of taking the air upon the Sea, in a Gally, a League or two?

*Guil.* With Fiddles, Drums and Trumpets, West-Phalia hams and Pigeons and the like: Hey Rogues, Scoundrels, Dogs.

*Isa.* Ah, how fine is every action of a great man!

*Guil.* Command a Gally to attend us presently, ——— you shall along, old Boy. [To *Fran.*

*Fran.* Alas, I must stay at home with my Wife, my Lord.

*Guil.* A Wife! have I a Mother-in-law too? ——— she must along with us, and take a frisk, ——— no denial:

*Enter Carlos.*

—— Oh, are you come? [Aside.

*Car.* Yes and thank thee for the best moment of my life: ——— hast thou contriv'd the Voyage then?

*Guil.*

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*Guil.* Take no care——come haste on board——our honour will not lose the Fresco of the morning,——Follow me--Pages.

*Pag.* At your heels, my Lord,—— [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

*Enter. as a Land-side Ship, GUILION, MADENA, FRANCISCO, Julia, Antonio, Clara, Jacinta, Pedro and his Wife, Pages.*

*Guil.* **L** Adyes and Gentlemen, you are wellcome aboard,—— Come, put off to sea, Rogues, Scoundrells, Tarpaulins, to your business, and then, every man his Bottle,——hey Page, Rogues, where are my men? Come, spread the Table——for we are very hungry.

*Isa.* Heav'ns, what a peculiar Grace there is in every word that comes from the Mouth of a Cavalier!

*Guil.* By *Mars*, the God of Love!

*Pag.* By *Cupid*, Sir.

[*Aside to him.*

*Guil.* *Cupid*, Sirrah, I say, I'll have it *Mars*, there's more Thunder in the sound! I say, by *Mars*, these Gallies are pretty neat convenient Teniments——but a—I see ne'r a Chimney in 'em;—Pox on't, what have I to doe with a Chimney now?

*Isa.* He is a delicate, fine person, *Jacinta*, but, methinks, he does not make Love enough to me.

*Jac.* Oh, Madam, Persons of his Quality never make Love in words, the greatness of their Actions show their Passion.

*Jac.* Ay, tis true all the little Fellows talk of love.

*Guil.* Come, Ladyes, set; Come *Isabella*, you are Melancholy,——Page——Fill my Lady a Beer-glass.

*Isa.* Ah, Heav'ns, a Beer-glass.

*Guil.* O your Vicountess never drinks under your Beer-glass, your Citizens Wives simper and sip, and will be drunk without doing Credit to the Treater; but in their Closets, they  
swinge



swinge it away, whole Slashes i'faith, and egad, when a woman drinks by her self, Glasses Come thick about? your Gentlewoman, or your little Lady, drinks half way, and thinks in point of good manners, she must leave some at the bottom, but your true-bred Woman of Honour drinks all, *Supernaculum*, by *Jove*.

*Isa.* What a misfortune it was, that I shou'd not know this before, but shou'd discover my want of so necessary a piece of grandure.

*Jac.* And nothing, but being Fudled, will redeem her Credit.

*Guil.* Come—fall to, old Boy,—thou art not merry; what have we here that can give us a song?

*Anto.* Oh, Sir, we have an Artist aboard I'll assure you; Seignior *Cashier*, shall I beg the favour of you to show your Skill?

*Pet.* Sir, my Wife and I'm at your service.

*Guil.* Friend, what Language can you Sing?

*Pet.* Oh, Sir, your Singers speak all Languages.

*Guil.* Sayst thou so, prethee then let's have a touch of *Heathen Greek*.

*Pet.* That you shall, Sir, *Sol la me fa sol*, &c.

*Fran.* Hum, I think this is indeed *Heathen Greek*. I'm sure 'tis so to me.

*Guil.* Ay, that may be, but I understand every word on't.

*Fran.* Good lack, these Lords are very Learned men.

*Pet.* Now, Sir, you shall hear one of an other Language from my Wife and I. [ *Sing a Dialogue in French.*

*Enter the Captain.*

*Cap.* Well Gentlemen though the news be something unpleasant that I bring, yet to Noble minds 'tis sport and pastime.

*Guil.* Hah Fellow! Whats that *thats sport and pastime to Noble minds?*

*Fran.* Oh Lord, no goodness I'll warrant.

*Capt.* But, Gentlemen, pluck up your spirits, be bold and resolute.

*Fran.* Oh Lord, bold and resolute, why what's the matter, *Captain?*

*Capt.* You are old, *Seignior*, and we expect no good from you but prayers to Heav'n?

*Fran.*

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*Fran.* Oh Lord, Prayers to Heav'n! Why I hope, Captain, we have no need to think of Heav'n.

*Capt.* At your own Peril be it then, *Seignior*, for the *Turks* are coming upon us.

*Fran.* Oh Lord, *Turks*, *Turks*!

*Guil.* *Turks*, oh, is that all? [ *Falls to eating.*

*Fran.* All——why they'll make Eunuchs of us, my Lord, Eunuchs of us poor men, and ly with all our Wives!

*Guil.* Shaw, that's nothing, 'tis good for the Voice,—how sweetly we shall sing, ta, la, ta la la, ta la, &c.

*Fran.* Ay, 'twill make you sing another note, I'll warrant you.

*Enter a Seaman.*

*Sea.* For Heav'n's sake, 'Sirs, doe not stand Idle here; Gentlemen, if you wou'd save your lives,—draw, and defend 'em. [ *Ex.*

*Fran.* Draw, I never drew any thing in my life, but my Purse, and that most damnably against my will; oh, what shall I doe?

*Enter Captain.*

*Cap.* Ah, my Lord, they bear up briskly to us, with a Fresh Gale and full Sails.

*Fran.* Oh, dear Captain, let's tack-about and goe home again.

*Cap.* 'Tis impossible to scape, we must fight it out.

*Fran.* Fight it out, oh I'm not able to indure it,——why, what the Devil made me a ship-board? [ *Ex. Captain.*

*Guil.* Why, where be these *Turks*? Set me to 'em, I'll make 'em smoke, dogs, to dare attack a man of Quality.

*Isa.* Oh, the insolence of these *Turks*? do they know who's A-board? For Heav'n's sake, my Lord, do not expose your Noble Person.

*Guil.* What, not fight!—Not fight! A Lord, and not fight? Shall I submit to Fetters, and see my Mistress ravisht by any great *Turk* in Christiandom, and not fight?

*Isa.* I'd rather be ravisht a thousand times, then you shou'd Venture your Person. [ *Seamen shout within.*

*Fran.* Ay I dare swear.

*Enter Seamen.*

*Sea.* Ah, Sirs, what mean you, come on the Deck for shame.

*Anto.* My Lord, let us not tamely fall, there's danger near.

[ *Draws.*  
*Guil.*

*Guil.* Ay, Ay, there's never smoake but there's some fire—  
come let's away—ta la, tan ta la, la la, &c. [*Draws.*

[*Ex. singing, and Antonio, and Pet.*

*Fran.* A Pox of all Lords, I say, you must be Janting in  
the Devils-name, and Gods dry Ground would not serve your  
turn, [*Shoot here.*

Oh how they Thunder! What shall I do——oh for some Au-  
ger hole to thrust my Head into, for I could never indure  
the Noise of Cannons,——oh 'tis insupportable,——intoller-  
able—and not to be indur'd. [*Runing as mad about the stage.*

*Isa.* Dear Father, be not so frightened! [*Weeps.*

*Fran.* Ah, Crocodile, wou'd thou hadst wept thy Eyes out  
long a goe, that thou hadst never seen this Count; then he  
had never lov'd thee, and then we had never been invited a  
ship-board. [*A noise of fighting.*

*Enter Guilion, Pet. and Antonio. Driven in fighting  
by Guzman and other Turks.*

*Anto.* Ah, Sir, the *Turks* have boarded us, we're lost we're lost.

*Fran.* Oh, I am slain, I'm slain. [*Falls down.*

*Guil.* Hold,——hold, I say, you are now in the presence of  
Ladies, and 'tis uncivil to fight before Ladies.

*Guz.* Yield then, you are our slaves.

*Guil.* Slaves, no Sir, we're slaves to none [*Offers to fight.*  
but the Ladies.——

*Isa.* Oh, hold, rude man—D'ye know whom you encounter?

*Guz.* Whats here—one dead— [*Looking on Francisco.*

*Fran.* Oh, Lord!

*Guz.* Or, if he be not, he's old, and past service, we'll kill  
the Christian Dog out of the way.

*Fran.* Oh, hold, hold, I'm no Christian, Gentlemen; but  
as errant a Heathen as your selves.

*Guz.* Bind him Streight neck and heels, and Clap him un-  
der Hatches.

*Jul.* Oh, spare him, Sir, look on his Reverend Age.

*Guz.* For your sake, Lady, much may be done, we've need  
of handsome women. [*Gives her to some Turks that are by.*

*Fran.* Hah,—my Wife! My Wife Ravisht—oh I'm dead.  
*Jul.*



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*Jul.* Fear not, my Dear, I'll rather dye than doe thee wrong.

*Fran.* Wou'd she wou'd, quickly,—— then there's her honour sav'd, and her ransome, which is better.

*Guz.* Down with the muttering Dog, [He descends.  
—— And take the Ladies to several Cabins.

[The Turks take hold of the Men

*Isa.* Must we be parted then,—ah, cruel Destinie! [Weeps.

*Guil.* Alas! this separation's worse than death.

*Isa.* You possibly may see some *Turkish* Ladies, that may insnare your heart, and make you faithless;——but I, ah Heavens! if ever I change my Love, may I become deform'd, and lose all hopes of Title or of Grandure.

*Guil.* But shou'd the *GrandSignior* behold thy Beauty, thou wou'dst dispise thine own dear hony Vicount to be a *Sultana*.

*Isa.* A *Sultana*, what's that?

*Guil.* Why, 'tis a she great *Turk*; a Queen of *Turkey*.

*Isa.* These dear expressions go to my heart.— [Weeps.  
And yet a *Sultana* is a tempting thing— [Aside smiling.

——And you shall find your *Isabella* true,——though the *Grand Signior* wou'd lay his Crown at my feet,——wou'd he wou'd try me though,——Heavens! to be Queen of *Turkey*. [Aside.

*Guil.* May I believe thee,——but when thou seest the difference, alas, I am but a Chimney——hum, nothing to a great *Turk*.

*Isa.* Is he so rare a thing———oh that I were a She Great *Turk*.

*Guz.* Come, come, we can't attend your Amorous Parleys. [Parts 'em.

*Jul.* Alas, and what shall we poor women doe? [Ex. men.

*Isa.* We must e'en have patience, Madam, and be ravisht.

*Cla.* Ravisht! Heavens forbid.

*Jac.* An please the Lord, I'll let my nails grow against that direfull day.

*Isa.* And so will I, for I'm resolv'd none shall ravish me but the Great *Turk*.

*Guz.* Come, Ladies, you are Dishes to be serv'd up to the board of the *Grand Signior*.

*Isa.* Why, will he eat us all?

*Guz.* A slice of each, perhaps, as he finds his appetite inclin'd.

*Isa.* A slice, uncivil Fellow,——as if this Beauty were for a bit and away;—Sir, a word,—if you will do me the favour to recommend me to be first serv'd up to the *Grand Signior*, I shall remember the civility when I am great.

*Guz.* Lady, he is his own Carver, a good word by the by, or so, will doe well, and I am,——a Favorite——

*Isa.* Are you so, here, take this Jewel,——in earnest of greater Favours—— [Gives him a Jewel. *Exeunt all.*

## SCENE II. *A Garden.*

*Enter Don Carlos and Lopez.*

*Car.* But, why so near the Land? by Heaven I saw each action of the Fight, from yonder grove of *Jesemine*, And doubtless all beheld it from the Town.

*Lop.* The Captain, Sir, design'd it so, and at the Harbour gave it out those two Gallies were purposely prepar'd to entertain the Count and the Ladies with the representation of a Sea-fight; lest the noise of the Guns should Alarm the Town, and, taking it for a real Fight, shou'd have sent out supplies, and so have ruin'd our designs.

*Car.* Well, have we all things in readiness?

*Lop.* All, Sir, all.

*Enter Page.*

*Page.* My Lord, a Barge from the Gally is just arriv'd at the Garden Stairs.

*Enter Guzman.*

*Car.* I'll retire then, and fit me for my part of this Farce.

*Guz.* My Lord, you must retire, they're just bringing the old Gentleman a shore.

*Car.* Prethee how does he take his Captivity?

*Guz.* Take it, Sir, he has cast himself into a fit, and has lain like one in a Trance this half hour; 'tis impossible for him to speak Sense this fortnight; I'll secure his Reason a play-day for so long at least; your servants, in *Turkish* habits, are now his Guards, who will keep him safe enough from hindering your designs with *Julia*.

*Car.*

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*Car.* What ever you doe have a care you do not overfright the Coxcomb, and make a Tragedy of our Comedy.

*Guz.* I'll warrant you, Sir, mind you your Love affairs;—he's coming in,——retire, Sir.——

[*Ex. Car. and Page and Lop.*]

*Enter some Turks with the Body of Francisco in Chains, and lay him down on a Bank.*

*I Tu.* Christian, so ho ho, Slave awake.——

[*Rubbing and calling him.*]

*Fran.* ——Hah! —— where am I? —— my Wife, —— my Wife, —— where am I? ——hah! —— what are you? —— Ghosts, —— Devils, —— Mutes, —— no answer, ——hah, —— bound in chains, —— Slaves, where am I?

*I Tu.* They understand not your Language, but I, who am a *Renigado Spaniard*, understand you when you speak civilly, which I advise you to doe.

*Fran.* Do you know me, Friend?

*I Tu.* I know you to be a Slave, and the *Great Turk's* Slave too.

*Fran.* The *Great Turk*, —— the Great Devil, why where am I, Friend?

*I Tu.* Within the Territories of the *Grand Signior*, and this, a Palace of Pleasure, where he recreates himself with his *Mistresses*.

*Fran.* And how far is that from *Cadez*; —— but what care I, my Wife, Friend, my own Wife.

*I Tu.* Your own, —— a true Muffelman cou'd have said no more; but take no care for her, she's provided for.

*Fran.* Is she dead, that would be some comfort, ——

*I Tu.* No, she's alive and in good hands.

*Fran.* And in good hands; oh, my head! and, oh, my heart! ten thousand tempests burst the belly of this day wherein old *Francisco* ventur'd Life and Limb, —— Liberty and Wife to the mercy of these Heathen *Turks*.

*I Tu.* Friend, you need not thus complain; —— a good round ransom redeems ye.

*Fran.* A round ransom, I'll rot in my chains first, before I'll part with a round ransom.



*I Tu.* You have a fair Wife, and need not fear good usage if she knows how to be kind ;—you apprehend me.

*Fran.* Patience, good Lord.

*I Tu.* Perhaps the *Grand Signior* may like her, and to be favour'd by him is such a Glory.—

*Fran.* As the Devil take me if I desire.—

*I Tu.* —And then you may in triumph laugh at all the rest of your Brother Cuckolds.

*Fran.* Hum,——and has the Devil serv'd me thus,——but no matter, I must be gadding, like an old Coxcombe, to *Cadez*,——and then, janting to Sea, with a Pox, to take pains to be a Cuckold,——to bring my Wife into a strange Land, amongst Unbelievers, with a vengeance, as if we had not honest Christian Cuckold-makers enough at home ; Sot that I was, not to consider how many Merchants have been undone by trusting their Commodities out at Sea ;——why, what a damn'd ransom will the Rogues exact from me, and more for my Wife because she's handsome, and then, 'tis ten to one, I have her turn'd upon my hands the worse for wearing ; oh, damn'd Infidels !——no, 'tis resolv'd, I'll live a slave here, rather than enrich them.

*I Tu.* Friend, you'll know your destiny presently ;——for, 'tis the custom of the *Great Turk* to view the Captives, and consider of their ransoms and liberties according to his pleasure,——see he is coming forth with the *Vizer Bassa* ;

*Enter Carlos and Guzman as Turks with followers.*

Most mighty Emperour, behold your Captive.

*Fran.* Is this the *Great Turk* ?

*I Tu.* Peace.

*Fran.* Bless me ! as we at home describe him, I thought the *Great Turk* had been twice as big, but, I shall find him Tyrant big enough, I'll warrant him.

*Guz.* Of what Nation art thou, Slave, speak to the Emperour he understands thee, though he deign not to hold discourse to Christians, Dogs.

*Fran.* Oh fearfull !——*Spain* so please you, Sir.

*Guz.* By *Mahomet*, he'll make a reverend Eunuch.

*Fran.* An Eunuch,——oh, Lord !——

*I Tu.* Ay, Sir, to guard his Mistresses, 'tis an honour.

*Fran.* Oh ! Mercy,——Sir, that honour you may spare,

Age

Age has done my business as well already.

*Guz.* Fellow, what art?

*Fran.* An't please your worship, I cannot tell.

*Guz.* How, not tell?

*Fran.* An't please your Lordship, my Fears have so transform'd me, I cannot tell whether I'm any thing or nothing.

*Guz.* Thy Name, Dull mortall, know'st thou not that?

*Fran.* An't please your Grace, now I remember me, methinks I doe.

*Guz.* Dog, how art thou Call'd?

*Fran.* An't like your Excellence, men Call'd me Seignior Don *Francisco* but now they will call me Coxcomb.

*Guz.* Of what Trade?

*Fran.* An't please your Highness, a Gentleman.

*Guz.* How much dost thou get a day by that Trade?  
——Hah!

*Fran.* An't like your Majesty, our Gentlemen never get but twice in all their Lives; that is, when Fathers dy, they get good Estates; and when they Marry, they get rich Wives; but I know what your Mightyness wou'd get by going into my Country and asking the Question.

*Guz.* What, Fool?

*Fran.* A good Cudgelling, an't please your Illustriousness.

*Guz.* Slave! To my Face!——Take him away and let him have the Strapado.

*Car.* *Baridama, Dermack.*

*Fran.* Heav'ns, what sayes he?

*i Tu.* He means to have you castrated.

*Fran.* Castrated! Oh that's some dreadfull thing I'll warrant,  
——Gracious *Great Turk*, for *Mahomet's* sake, excuse me; alas, I've lost my wits.

*Car.* *Galero Gardines?*

*Guz.* The *Emperor* asks it thou art Married, Fellow.

*Fran.* Hah——Married——I was an't like your Monsterousness, but, I doubt, your people have spoyld my Property.

*Guz.* His Wife, with other Ladies, in a Pavillion in the Garden, attend your Royall pleasure.

*Car.* Go, fetch her hither presently.— [Ex. *Guzman*.

*i Tu.* This is no common honour, that the *Great Turk* deigns to speak your Language; 'tis a sign you'll rise.

*Fran.*

*Fran.* Yes, by the height of a pair of Horns.

*Car.* Is she handsome?

*Fran.* Oh, what an Ague shakes my heart,—handsome, alas, no, dread Sir; what should such a deform'd Poulcat as I do with a handsome Wife?

*Car.* Is she young?

*Fran.* Young,—what should such an old doting Coxcomb as I do with a young-Wife——Pox on him for a Heathen Whoremaster.

*Car.* Old is she then?

*Fran.* Ay, very old, an't please your Gloriousness.

*Car.* Is she not Capable of Love?

*Fran.* Hum,—so so,—like fire conceal'd in a Tinder-box,—I shall run Mad.

*Car.* Is she witty?

*Fran.* I'm no Competent Judge, an't like your Holyness,—this Catechism was certainly of the Devil's own making. [*Aside.*

*Enter Guzman, bringing in Julia, Clara, Isabella, Jacinta, Guilion, Antonio: &c.*  
*Women veil'd.*

*Car.* These, Sir, are all the Slaves of Note are taken.

*Isa.* Dost think, *Jacinta*, he'll chuse me?

*Jac.* I'll warrant you, Madam, if he look with my Eyes.

*Guz.* Stand forth—— [*To the men.*

*Guil.* Stand forth, Sir, why, so I can, Sir: I dare show my Face, Sir, before any *Great Turk* in Christiandom.

*Car.* What are you, Sir?

*Guil.* What am I, Sir? Why, I'm a Lord, a Lord.

*Fran.* Are you mad to own your quality, he'll ask the Devil an all of a ransom.

*Guil.* No matter for that, I'll not lose an Inch of my Quality for a King's Ransom, disgrace my self before my fair Mistress.

*Isa.* That's as the *Great Turk* and I shall agree. [*Scornfully.*

*Car.* What are you, Sir?

*Anto.* A Citizen of *Cadez*.

*Car.* Set 'em by, we'll Consider of their Ransoms——now unveil the Ladies. [*Guzman unveils Jacinta.*

*Fran.* Oh, dear Wife, now or never show thy Love, make a Damnable



Damnable face upon the filthy Ravisher,—glout thy Eyes thus—and thrust out thy upper lip, thus—[Guzman presents Jacinta.

*Guil.* Oh, dear *Isabella*, do thee look like a Dog too.

*Isa.* No, Sir, I'm resolv'd I'll not loose an Inch of my Beauty, to save so trifling a thing as a Maiden head.

*Car.* Very agreeable, pretty and Chearfull—  
a most divine Bud of Beauty—all natures  
Excellence—drawn to the life in Little,  
—what are you, fair one?

{ *She is Veild and  
set by : Then Cla-  
ra is unveild.*

*Cla.* Sir, I'm a Maid.

*Fran.* So I hope, he will pitch upon her.

*Cla.* Onely, by promise, Sir, I've given my self away.

*Car.* What happy man cou'd claim a title in thee,  
And trust thee to such danger?

*Isa.* Heav'ns, shall I be defeated by this little Creature!  
What pity 'twas he saw not me first?

*Cla.* I dare not name him, Sir, least this small Beauty which  
you say adornes me, shou'd gain him your displeasure; he's  
in your Prefence, Sir, and is your slave.

*Car.* Such innocence this plain Confession shows, Name me  
the man, and I'll resign thee back to him.

*Fran.* A Pox of his Civility.

*Anto.* This mercy makes me bold to claim my right. [*Kneels.*

*Car.* Take her, Young man, and with it both your Ransoms.

*Guil.* Hum—hum—very noble i'faith, we'll e'en confess  
our loves too, *Isabella*.

*Isa.* Slife he'l spoil all,—hold—pray let your betters be  
serv'd before you.

*Guil.* How! Is the Honour of my Love despised?—wer't  
not i'th presence of the *Great Turk*, for whom I have a re-  
verence because he's a man of quality—by *Jove* I'd draw  
upon you.

*Isa.* Because you were my Lover once, when I am Queen I'll Pardon you;—

{ *Guzman unveils her,  
and leads her to Carlos,  
she making ridiculous  
Actions of Civility.*

*Car.* What Akward—fond—Conceited  
Thing art thou? Veile her and take the Taudry Creature hence.

*Guil.* Hum—your Majesty's humble servant—

{ *Putting off his  
hat, ridiculously.*

*Fran.* How! refuse my Daughter too; I see  
the Lot of a Cuckold will fall to my share.

*Guz.* This is the Wife, Great Sir, of this old Slave.

[*Unveiles Julia.*]

*Car.* Hah! what do I see, by *Mahomet*, she's fair.

*Fran.* So, so, she's condemn'd, oh, damn'd *Mahometan Canibal!* will nothing but raw flesh serve his turn?

*Car.* I'll see no more, ——— here I have fix'd my heart.

*Fran.* Oh, Monster of a *Grand Signior!*

*Guz.* Have you a mind to be flead, Sir?

*Car.* Receive my Handkerchief. ——— [Throws it to her.]

*Fran.* His Handkerchief; bless me, what does he mean?

*Guz.* To doe her the honour to lie with her to night. ———

*Fran.* Oh, hold, most mighty *Turk.* [Kneeling.]

*Guz.* Slave, darest thou interrupt 'em, ——— dye, Dog.

*Fran.* Hold, hold, I'm silent.

*Car.* I Love you fair one, and design to make you ———

*Fran.* A most notorious Strumpet, ——— a Pox of his courtesie.

*Car.* ——— What Eyes you have like Heaven-blew and charming, a pretty Mouth, Neck, round and white as polisht *Alabaster*, and a complexion, beauteous as an Angel, ——— a hair fit to make Bonds to insnare the God of Love, ——— a sprightly Air, ——— a hand like Lillies white, and Lips, no Roses opening in a Morning are half so sweet and soft.

*Fran.* Oh, damn'd circumcised *Turk.*

*Car.* You shall be call'd the bautifull *Sultana*,  
And rule in my *Seraglio* drest with jewels.

*Fran.* Sure I shall burst with vengeance.

*Jul.* Sir, let your Vertue regulate your passions;  
For I can ne'r love any but my husband.

*Fran.* Ah, disembling Witch!

*Jul.* ——— And wou'd not break my marriage Vows to him,  
for all the honour you can heap upon me.

*Fran.* Say, and hold; but, *Sultana* and pretious Stones, are damnable temptations, ——— besides, the Rogue's young and handsome, ——— What a scornfull look she casts at me; wou'd they were both handsomly at the Devil together.

*Guz.* Dog, — do you mutter?

*Fran.* Oh! nothing, nothing, but the Palsey shook my Lips a little.

*Guz.* Slave, go, and, on your knees, resign your Wife.

*Fran.* She's of years of discretion, ——— and may dispose of her self;

self; but I can hold no longer, —— and, is this your *Mahometan* Conscience, to take other mens Wives, as if there were not single Harlots enough in the world? [In rage.]

*Guz.* Peace, thou diminutive Christian.

*Fran.* I say, peace, thou over-grown *Turk*.

*Guz.* Thou *Spanish* Cur.

*Fran.* Why, you're a *Mahometan* Bitch, and you go to that.

*Guz.* Death, I'll dissect the bald pated Slave.

*Fran.* I defie thee, thou foul filthy Cabbage head, for I am mad, and will be valiant. [Guz. throws his Turbant at him.]

*Car.* What Insolence is this? —— Mutes —— strangle him. ——

[They put a Bow-string about his neck.]

*Jul.* Mercy, dread Sir, I beg my Husband's life.

*Car.* No more, —— this fair one bids you live, —— henceforth, *Francisco*, I pronounce you a Widower, and shall regard you, for the time to come, as the deceased Husband of the Great *Sultana*, murmer not upon pain of being made an Eunuch —— take him away ——

*Jul.* Go, and be satisfied, I'll die before I'll yield.

*Fran.* Is this my going to Sea? —— the Plague of losing Battels light on thee.

When ill success shall make thee idle lie,  
Mayst thou in bed be impotent as I.

*Car.* Command our Slaves to give us some diversion;  
Dismiss his Chains, and use him with respect, because he was the Husband of our beloved *Sultana*.

*Fran.* I see, your Cuckold might have a life good enough if he cou'd be contented —— [They pull off his Chains.]

[Carlos and Julia sit under an Umbrello.]

## The SONG.

*How strangely does my Passion grow,  
Divided equally 'twixt two?  
Damon had ne'er subdu'd my Heart,  
Had not Alexis took his part:  
Nor, cou'd Alexis powerfull prove,  
Without my Damon's aid, to gain my Love.*



*When my Alexis present is,  
 Then I for Damon sigh and mourn;  
 But, when Alexis I do miss,  
 Damon gains nothing but my scorn:  
 And, if it chance they both are by;  
 For both, alas! I languish, sigh, and die.*

*Cure then, thou mighty Winged-God,  
 This raging Fever in my Blood.  
 One golden-pointed Dart take back;  
 But, which, O Cupid, wilt thou take?  
 If Damon's, all my hopes are crost:  
 Or, that of my Alexis, I am lost.*

*Enter Dancers, which dance an Antique*

*Car.* Come, my dear *Julia*, let's retire to Shades. [*Aside to her.*  
 Where onely thou and I can find an enterance;  
 These dull, these necessary delays of ours  
 Have drawn my Love to an impatient height,  
 —attend these Captives, —at a respectfull distance.

[*Ex. all but Isa. who staies Guil.*

*Guil.* What wou'd the Great *Sultana*?

*Isa.* Ah! do not pierce my heart with this unkindness.

*Guil.* Ha, ha, ha, — Pages, — give order, I have Letters  
 writ to *Sivil*, to my Merchant, — I will be ransom'd instantly.

*Isa.* Ah, cruel Count!

*Guil.* Meaning me, Lady; ah, fie! no, I am a Scoundrel; I  
 a Count, no, not I, a Dog, a very Chim — hum, — a son of  
 a Whore, I, not worthy your notice.

*Isa.* Oh, Heavens! must I lose you then? no, I'll die first.

*Guil.* Die, die, then, for, your betters must be serv'd be-  
 fore you.

*Isa.* Oh! I shall rave; false and lovely, as you are, did you  
 not swear to marry me, and make me a Vicountess.

*Guil.* Ay, that was once when I was a Lover, but, now you  
 are a Queen, — you're too high i'th' mouth for me.

*Isa.* Ah! name it not; will you be still hard-hearted?

*Guil.* As a Flint, by *Jove*.

*Isa.* Have you forgot your Love?

*Guil.*

*Guil.* I've a bad memory.

*Isa.* And will you let me die?

*Guil.* I know nothing of the matter.

*Isa.* Oh, Heavens! and shall I be no Vicountess?

*Guil.* Not, for me, Fair Lady, by *Jupiter*,——no, no,—  
Queen's much better,——Death, affront a man of Honour, a  
Vicount that wou'd have took you to his Bed,—after half the  
Town had blown upon you,—— without examining either  
Portion or Honesty, and wou'd have took you for better for  
worse——Death, I'll untile houses, and demolish Chimneys,  
But I'll be reveng'd. [*Draws, and is going out.*]

*Isa.* Ah, hold! your anger's just, I must confess, yet pardon  
the frailty of my Sexes vanity; behold my tears, that sue for pi-  
ty to you. [*She weeps, he stands looking on her.*]

*Guil.* ——My Rage dissolves.——

*Isa.* I ask but death or pity. [*He weeps.*]

*Guil.* —I cannot hold,—but, if I shou'd forgive, and marry  
you, you wou'd be gadding after honour still, longing to be  
a she *Great Turk* again.—

*Isa.* Break not my heart with such suspicions of me.

*Guil.* And, is it pure and tender Love for my Person,  
And not for my glorious Titles?

*Isa.* Name not your Titles, 'tis your self I love,  
Your amiable, sweet and charming self,  
And, I cou'd almost wish you were not great,  
To let you see my Love.

*Guil.* I am confirm'd----

'Tis no respect of Honour makes her weep;  
Her Love's the same shou'd I crie-----Chimney Sweep.

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Garden.**Enter Francisco alone.*

*Fran.* NOW am I afraid to walk in this Garden, lest I shou'd spie my own natural Wife lying with the *Great Turk* in *Fresco* upon some of these fine flowry Banks, and learning how to make Cuckolds in *Turkey*.

*Enter Guzman and Jacinta.*

*Guz.* Nay, dear *Jacinta*, cast an eye of pity on me.  
—What, deny the *Vizer Bassa*.

*Jac.* When you are honest *Guzman* again, I'll tell you a piece of my mind.

*Guz.* But, opportunity will not be so kind to *Guzman*, as to the Grand *Bassa*; therefore, dear Rogue, let's retire into these kind shades, or, if foolish Vertue be so squeamish, and needless Reputation so nice, that Mr. *Vicar* must say *Amen* to the bargain, there is an old lousey Fryer, belonging to this *Villa*, that will give us a cast of his office, for I am a little impatient about this business, Greatness, having infus'd a certain itch in my blood, which I felt not, whilst a common man.

*Fran.* Um, Why, what have we here, pert Mrs. *Jacinta*, and the *Bassa*? I hope the Jade will be Turkeyfied with a vengeance, and have Circumcision in abundance; and the Devil shall ransom her for old *Francisco*.

*Jac.* Hah, the old Gentleman.

*Fran.* What? the Frolick is to go round, I see, you women have a happy time on't.

*Guz.* Men that have kind Wives may be as happy; you'll have the honour of being made a Cuckold, Heaven be prais'd.

*Fran.* Ay, Sir, I thank ye,—pray under the Rose, how does my Wife please his Grace the *Great Turk*?

*Guz.* Murmuring again, thou Slave.

*Fran.*



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*Fran.* Who, I? O Lord, Sir! no, not I, why, what hurt is there in being a Cuckold?

*Guz.* Hurt, Sirrah, you shall be swing'd into a belief, that it is an honour for the *Great Turk* to borrow your wife.

*Fran.* But, for the Lender to pay Use-money, is somewhat severe;—but, see, he comes,—bless me, how grim he looks!

*Enter Carlos.*

*Car.* Come hither, Slave,—why was it that I gave you Life? dismiss the fetters from your aged limbs?

*Fran.* For love of my Wife, and't please your Barbarousness.

*Car.* —Gave you free leave to range the Palace round, excepting my apartment onely?

*Fran.* Still, for my Wives sake, I say, and't like your Hideousness.

*Car.* And yet, this Wife, this most ungratefull Wife of yours again wou'd put your chains on, expose your life to dangers and new torments by a too stubborn vertue, she does refuse my courtship, and foolish is chaste.

*Fran.* Alas! what pity's that?

*Car.* I offer'd much, lov'd much, but all in vain; Husband, and Honour, still, was the reply.

*Fran.* Good luck! that she shou'd have no more Grace before her eyes.

*Car.* But, Slave, behold these Mutes; that fatal instrument of death behold too, and in 'em read thy doom, if this coy Wife of yours be not made flexible to my addresses.

*Fran.* Oh, Heavens! I make her.

*Car.* No more, thy Fate is fix'd—and, here attend, till he himself deliver his willing Wife into my arms: *Bassa*, attend and see it, see it be perform'd—

[To his Mutes, then to *Guz.*

[*Ex.* *Car.*

*Guz.* Go, one of you, and fetch the fair slave hither.

[*Ex.* *Turk.*

*Fran.* I Pimp for my own Wife, I hold the dore to my own Flesh and Blood, O *monstrum horrendum*!

*Guz.* Nay, doe't, and doe't handsomly too, not with a snivelling countenance, as if you were compell'd to't;—but, with the face of authority, and the awfull command of a Husband—or—thou dyest——

*Enter*

*Enter Turk and Julia.**Fran.* My dear *Julia*, you are a Fool, my Love.—*Jul.* For what, dear Husband?*Fran.* I say, a silly Fool, to refuse the love of so Great a *Turk*; why, what a Pox makes you so coy? [Angrily.]*Jul.* How! this from you, *Francisco*.*Fran.* —Now does my heart begin to fail me;—and yet, I shall ne'er indure strangling neither;—why, am not I your Lord and Master, hah?*Jul.* Heavens! Husband, what wou'd you have me doe?*Fran.* Have you doe;—why, I wou'd have ye—d'ye see, —twill not out;—why, I wou'd have ye—lie with the *Sultan*, hufwife; I wonder how, the Devil, you have the face to refuse him, so hansom—so young a Lover; come, come, let me hear no more of your coyness, Mistress, for, if I do—I shall be hang'd;— [Aside.]The Great *Turk's* a most worthy Gentleman, and therefore I advise you to doe as he advises you; and the Devil take ye both.— [Aside.]*Jul.* This from my Husband, old *Francisco*! he advise me to part with my dear Honour!*Fran.* Rather than part with his dear Life, I thank ye.— [Aside.]*Jul.* Have you consider'd the Vertue of a Wife?*Fran.* No, but I have consider'd the neck of a Husband. [Aside.]*Jul.*—Which Vertue, before I'll lose, I'll die a thousand deaths.*Fran.* So will not I, one; a Pox of her Vertue,—these women are always vertuous in the wrong place. [Aside.]—I say, you shall be kind to the sweet *Sultan*.*Jul.* And rob my Husband of his right!*Fran.* Shaw, exchange is no robbery.*Jul.* And forsake my Vertue, and make none Dear a Cuckold.*Fran.* Shaw, most of the Heroes of the world were so;—go prethee Hony go—do me the favour to Cuckold me a little, if not for Love, for Charity.—*Jul.* Are you in earnest?—*Fran.* I am.—*Jul.* And, wou'd it not diplease you?*Fran.* I say, no;—had it been *Aquinius* his Case, to have sav'd the pinching of his Gullet he wou'd have been a Cuckold— [Aside.]*Jul.*

*Jul.* Fear has made you mad, or you're bewicht ;  
and I'll leave you to recover your Wits again. [Going out.]

*Fran.* Oh, Gracious Wife, leave me not in  
despair ; I am not mad, no, nor no more bewicht } *Kneels to her*  
than I have been these forty years ; 'tis you're bewicht to refuse } *and holds her.*  
so handsome—so young, and so—a Pox on him, she'll ne'er re-  
lish me again, after him. [Aside.]

*Jul.* Since you've lost your honour with your wits, I'll try  
what mine will doe.

*Enter Carlos. Turks.*

*Fran.* Oh ! I am lost,——I'm lost——dear Wife,——most  
mighty Sir, I've brought her finely to't ;——do not make me  
lose my credit with his *Mahometan* Grace,——my wife has a  
monstrous affection for your Honour, but, she's something bashfull ;  
but, when alone your Magnanimiousness will find her a swinger.

*Car.* ——Fair Creature——

*Jul.* Do you believe my Husband, Sir, he's mad.

*Car.* Dog.——

[Offers to kill him.]

*Fran.* Hold mighty Emperor ; as I hope to be sav'd 'tis but a  
copy of her countenance——inhumane Wife——lead her to your  
apartment Sir ;——barbarous honest woman,---to your chamber,  
Sir,—wou'd I had married thee an errand Strumpet ; nay, to your  
Royal bed, Sir, I'll warrant you she gives you taunt for taunt :  
try her, Sir, try her. [Puts 'em out.]

*Jac.* Hark you, Sir, are you posselt, or, is it real reformati-  
on in you ? what mov'd this kind fit ?

*Fran.* E'en Love to sweet Life ; and, I shall think my self  
ever oblig'd, to my dear Wife, for this kind Reprieve ;——had  
she been cruel—I had been strangled or hung in the Air like our  
Prophets Tomb.

*Enter first Turk.*

*1 Tu.* Sir, boast the honour of the news I bring you.

*Fran.* Oh, my head ! how my brows twinge !

*1 Tu.* The mighty *Sultan*, to doe you honour, has set your  
Daughter and her Lover free, ransomless ;——and, this day,  
gives 'em liberty to solemnize the Nuptials in the Court ;——  
but, Christian Cerimonies must be private ; but you're to be  
admitted, and, I'll conduct you to 'em.

I

*Fran.*



*Fran.* Some comfort, I shall be Father to a Vicount, and for the rest—Patience——

All Nations Cuckolds breed, but I deny  
They had such need of Cuckolding as I.

[*Goes out with the Turk.*]

*Enter Antonio, and Clara to Jacinta.*

*Jac.* Madam, the rarest sport——Ha ha ha.

*Anto.* You need not tell us, we have been witness to all,  
But to our own affairs, my dearest *Clara*.

Let us not lose this blessed opportunity,

Which Art nor Industry can give again if this be idly lost.

*Cla.* Nay, hang me if it be *Antonio*, Charge it to the Number of your own sins; it shall not ly at my door.

*Anto.* 'Tis generously said, and take notice, my little dear *Virago*, *Guzman* has a Priest ready to tye you to your word.

*Cla.* As fast as you please; hang her that fears the Conjur-ing knot for me: But what will our Fathers say,—mine, who Expects me to be the Governor's Lady; and yours, who designs *Isabella* for a Daughter-in-law?

*Anto.* Mine will be glad of the Change, and, for yours, if he be not pleas'd, let him keep his Portion to himself—that's the greatest mischeife he can do us: and for my friend, the Governour, he's above their anger.

*Cla.* Why do we lose precious time; I long to be at,—I *Clara*, take thee *Antonio*,—the very ceremony will be tedious, so much I wish thee mine; and each delay gives me a fear something will snatch me from thee.

*Anto.* No power of man can do't, thou art so Guarded; but now the Priest is employd in Clapping up the honourable marrige between the *False Count* and *Isabella*.

*Jac.* Lord, what a jest 'twill be to see 'em Coupled, ha, ha.

*Cla.* Unmercifull *Antonio*, to drive the jest so far; 'tis too unconscionable!

*Anto.* By Heav'n, I'm so proud I cannot think my Revenge sufficient for affronts, nor does her Birth, her Breeding and her Vanity—deserve a better Fortune; besides,—he has enough to set up for a Modern Spark—the Fool has just wit and good-manners sufficient to pass for a Fop of fashion; and, where he is not known, will gain the Reputation of a fine accomplit Gentle-

man

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man,—yet I'm resolv'd she shall see him in his geers, in his original Filthiness, that my Revenge may be home upon the foolish Gilt.

*Clara.* Cruel *Antonio*,—come let's go give 'em joy.

*Anto.* And finish our affair with Mr Vicar.——

*Enter Isabella, her train born by the great Page ;  
Guiliom, with the other great Page,  
and Francisco, bare.*

—Joy to my Noble Lord, and you, fair *Isabella*!

*Isa.* Thank thee, Fellow,—but, surely, I deserv'd my Titles from thee.

*Clara.* Your Honour, I hope, will Pardon him.

*Isa.* How now *Clara*——

[*Nodding to her.*]

*Jac.* I give your Honour joy.

*Isa.* Thank thee, poor Creature.——

*Fran.* My Lord,—this Honour you have done my Daughter is so signall, that whereas, I design'd her but Five Thousand pound, I will this happy day——settle on her ten.——

*Guil.* Damn dirty trash your Beauty is sufficient—hum—  
seignior Don *Antonio*, get the Writings ready, [Aside.  
—Money—hang money.

*Fran.* How generous these Lords are ; nay, my Lord, you must not refuse a Fathers love——if I may presume to call you son——I shall find enough besides for my Ransom, if the Tyrant be so unmercyfull to ask more than my Wife payes him.

*Guil.* Nay, if you---will force it upon me.

*Isa.* Ay, take it, the trifling some will serve to buy our Honour Pins.

*Anto.* Well, Sir, since you will force it on him, my *Cashier* shall draw the Writings.

*Guil.* And have 'em sign'd by a publick Notary,— [Aside.

*Fran.* With all my Soul, Sir, I'll go give him order, and subscribe. [Ex. *Francisco.*

*Guil.* Let him make 'em strong and sure——you shall go halves. [Aside.

*Anto.* No, you will deserve it dearly, who have the Plague of such a Wife with it ;——but harkye, *Count*——these goods of Fortune are not to be afforded you, without conditions.

*Guil.* Shaw, conditions, any conditions, Noble *Antonio*.

*Anto* You must disrobe anon, and do'n your Native habiliments——and in the Equipage give that fair Vicountess to understand the true quality of her Husband.

*Guil.* Hum—I'm afraid, 'tis a harder task to leap from a Lord to a Rogue, then tis from a Rogue to a Lord.

*Anto.* Not at all, we have Examples of both dayly.

*Guil.* Well, Sir, I'll show you my agility—but, Sir,——I desire—I may Consummate, d'ye see,——Consummate,——a little like Lord, to make the marriage sure.

*Anto.* You have the Freedom to doe so—the Writings I'll provide.——

*Guil.* I'll about it then, the Priest waites within for you, and *Guzman* for you *Jacinta*,——haste, for he is to arrive anon Ambassador from *Cadez*.

*Jac.* I know not, this noise of Weddings has set me a gog, and I'll e'en in, and try what 'tis. [*Ex. Antonio, Clara, and Jacinta.*]

*Guil.* Come, Madam, your Honour and I have something else to doe——before I have fully dub'd you a Vicountess.

*Isa.* Ah Heav'ns, my Lord, what's that?

*Guil.* Why, a Certain Ceremony, which must be perform'd between a pair of Sheets,——but we'll let it a lone till Night.

*Isa.* Till night, no; whate'er it be, I wou'd not be without an Inch of that Ceremony, that may Compleat my Honour, for the World; no for Heav'ns sake let's retire, and Dub me presently.

*Guil.* Time enough, time enough.

*Isa.* You love me not; that can deny me this.

*Guil.* Love—no—we are Married now, and people of our Quality never love after Marriage 'tis not great.——

*Isa.* Nay, let's retire, and Compleat my Quality, and you will find me Wife a of the Mode I'll warrant you.

*Guil.* For once you have prevail'd.

*Enter Francisco.*

*Fran.* Whither away.——

*Isa.* Onely to Consummate a little, pray keep your distance.  
[*She pulls of his hat.*]

*Fran.* Consummate.——

*Isa.* Ay, Sir, that is to make me an absolute Vicountess——we cannot stay——farewell—— [Guil. Leads her out.

*Fran.*



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*Fran.* Hum——this *Turkey Air* has a notable Faculty, where the women are all plague kind.——

*Enter Carlos, and Julia.*

*Car.* By Heav'n each Moment makes me more your slave——

*Fran.* The business is done.

*Jul.* My husband. [Aside.

*Car.*——And all this constant love to old *Francisco*, has but ingag'd me more.

*Fran.* Ha, Love to me? [Aside.

*Jul.* Sir, if this vertue, be but reall in you, how happy I shou'd be; but you'll relaps again and Tempt my vertue——which if you doe——

*Fran.* I'll warrant she wou'd kill her self. [Aside.

*Jul.* --I shou'd be sure to yield——[In a soft tone to him.

*Car.* No, thou hast made an absolute Conquest o'er me—and if that Beauty tempt me every hour, I shall be still the same I was the last.

*Fran.* Pray Heav'n he be *John*.

*Enter i Turk.*

*i Turk.* Most Mighty Emperor, a Messenger from *Cadez*. has Letters for your Highness.

*Car.* Conduct him in; in this retreat of ours we use no State.

*Enter Guzman, as himself, gives Carlos Letters.*

*Guz.* Don *Carlos*, Governour of *Cadez* greets your Highness.

*Car.* reads] *High and Mighty,*

*For seven Christian Slaves, taken lately by a Gally of yours, we offer you twice the Number of Mahometans taken from you by us,—if this suffice not,—propose your Ransoms, and they shall be paid by*

*Don Carlos Governour of Cadez.*

—Know you this *Carlos* offers so fair for you?

*Fran.* Most Potent Lord, I do, and wonder at the Complement,——and yet I am not jealous——I have so over act'd the Complefant Husband, that I shall never fall into the other Extreme again.

*Car.* Go, let the Christian Governour understand his Request is granted.

*Guz.* The slaves are ready, Sir, and a Gally to carry off the Christians.

*Jul.* How shall we make this Governour amends?

*Fran.* I do even weep for joy; alas, I must leave it to thee Love!

*Jul.* To me, Sir, do you mock me?

*Fran.* Mock thee, no; I know thy vertue, and will no more be jealous, beleive me Chickin I was an old Fool.

*Car.* Your Wife is Chaste——she overcame my unruly passion with her Prayers and Tears.

*Enter Isabella, at one door; Clara, Antonio, Jacinta, at another; Isabellas Train*

*carri'd up.*

*Fran.* Rare News,—we are all free and ransom'd! All's, well and the man has his Mare again.

*Isa.* You still forget your Duty and your distance.

*Fran.* A Pox of your troublesom Honour; a man can't be overjoy'd in quiet for't.

*Enter Baltazer, and Sebastian.*

*Seb.* Sure I am not Mistaken, this is the House of my Son Antonio.

*Bal.* Let it be whose house 'twill; I think the Devil's broke loose in't.

*Seb.*—Or the Turks; for I have yet met with ne'er a Christian thing in't.

*Fran.* Hah,—Do I dream, or is that my Father-in-law, and Seignior Sebastian?

*Anto.* My Father here.—

*Car.* Baltazer—

[*Aside.*

*Bal.* Son, Francisco, why do you gaze on me so?

*Fran.* Bless me, Sir, are you taken by the great Turk too?

*Bal.* Taken,—Great Turk,—what do you mean!

*Fran.* Mean, Sir; why, how the Devil came you into Turkey?

*Bal.* Sure Jealousie has Crackt his Brains.

*Fran.* Crack me no Cracks, good Father mine;—am not I a Slave in Turkey? and is not this the Grand Seigniors Palace?

*Car.* So,—all will come out, there's no prevention. [*Aside.*

*Seb.* Some that are wiser answer us: You Son,—are you infected too?—was not yesterday to abeen your Wedding day?

*Anto.*

*Anto.* To day has done as well, Sir, I have onely chang'd *Isabella* for *Clara*.

*Seb.* How, *Francisco*, have you juggled with me?

*Fran.* My Daughter's a Lady, Sir.

*Bal.* And you Mistress; you have Marry'd *Antonio*, and left the Governour.

*Cla.* I thought him the fitter Match, Sir, and hope your Pardon.

*Jul.* We cannot scape.

*Fran.* But how came you hither, Gentlemen, and how durst you venture?

*Seb.* Whither, Sir, to my own Son's house; is there such danger in coming a mile or two out of *Cadex*?

*Fran.* Is the Devil in you, or me, or both? Am not I in the Possession of *Turks and Infidels*?

*Bal.* No, Sir; safe in *Antonio Villa*; within a League of *Cadex*.

*Fran.* Why, what a Pox, is not this the *Great Turk* himself?

*Bal.* This, Sir; —cry mercy, my Lord — 'tis *Don Carlos*, Sir, the Governor.

*Fran.* The Governor; the worst *Great Turk* of all; so, I am cozen'd, —most rarely cheated; why, what a horrid Plot's here carry'd on, to bring in Heretical Cuckoldom?

*Car.* Well, Sir, since you have found it out, I'll hown my Passion.

*Jul.* Well, if I have been kind you forc't me to't, nay Beg'd on your knees, to give my self away.

*Fran.* Guilty, guilty! I confess, —but 'twas to the *Great Turk*, Mistress, not *Don Carlos*.

*Jul.* And was the sin the greater?

*Fran.* No, but the Honour was less.

*Bal.* Oh, horrid! What, intreat his Wife to be a Whore?

*Car.* Sir, your mistaken, she was my Wife in sight of Heav'n before; and I but Seiz'd my own.

*Fran.* Oh, —Sir, she's at your Service still.

*Car.* I thank you, Sir, and take her as my own.

*Bal.* Hold, my Honour's concern'd.

*Fran.* Not at all, Father mine, she's my Wife, my Lumber now, and, I hope, I may dispose of my Goods and Chattels: —if he takes her we are upon equal terms, for he makes himself my Cuckold, as he has already made me his; —for, if my memory fail me not, we did once upon a time consummate, as my Daughter has it.

*Enter*



*Enter Guilion in his own dress, crying Chimney-Sweep.*

*Guil.* Chimney-sweep, ——— by your leave, Gentlemen.

*Anto.* Whither away, Sirrah?

*Guil.* What's that to you, Sir? ———

*Anto.* Not to me, Sirrah; ——— who wou'd you speak with?

*Guil.* What's that to you, Sir? why, what a Pox may not a man speak with his own Lady and Wife?

*Cl.* Heavens! his Wife! to look for his Wife amongst Persons of Quality!

*Car.* Kick out the Rascal.

*Guil.* As soon as you please, my Lord; but, let me take my Wife along with me. *[Takes Isa. by the hand.]*

*Isa.* Faugh! ——— what means the Devil?

*Guil.* Devil; ——— 'twas not long since you found me a humane creature, within there. ———

*Isa.* Villain, Dog; help me to tear his eyes out.

*Guil.* What, those eyes, those lovely eyes, that wounded you so deeply?

*Fran.* What's the meaning of all this? ——— why, what, am I cozen'd? and is my Daughter cozen'd?

*Guil.* Cozen'd! why? I'm a man, Sir. ———

*Fran.* The Devil you are, Sir, how shall I know that?

*Guil.* Your Daughter does, Sir; and, that's all one.

*Isa.* Oh! I'm undone; am I no Vicountess then?

*Guil.* Hang Titles; 'twas myself you lov'd, my amiable sweet and charming self: in fine, sweet heart, I am your Husband; no Vicount, but honest *Guilion* the Chimney sweeper. ——— I heard your Father design'd to marry you to a Tradesman, and you were for a Don; and to please you both, you see how well I have manag'd matters.

*Fran.* I'll not give her a farthing.

*Guil.* No matter, her love's worth a million; and, that's so great, that I'm sure she'll be content to carry my Soot-basket after me.

*Isa.* Ah! I dye, I dye.

*Guil.* What, and I so kind?

*Isa.* Help; murther, murther!

*{ Goes and kisses her,  
and blacks her face.*

*Guil.*

*A New Way to play an Old Game.* 65

*Guil.* Well, Gentlemen, I am something a better fortune than you believe me, by some thousands. [*Shows Car. his writings.*]

*Car.* Substantial and good, faith, Sir, I know not where you'll find a better fortune for your Daughter as cases stand. [*To Fran.*]

*Guil.* And, for the Vicount, Sir; gay Cloths, Money and Confidence will set me up for one, in any ground in Christiandom.

*Car.* Faith, Sir, he's i'th' right; take him home to *Sivil*, your neighbours know him not, and he may pass for what you please to make him; the Fellow's honest, witty and handsom.

*Fran.* — Well, I have consider'd the matter;—I was but a Leather-seller my self, and am grown up to a Gentleman; and, who knows but he, being a Chimney-sweeper, may, in time, grow up to a Lord; Faith, I'll trust to Fortune, for once—here—take her, and rid me of one Plague, as you, I thank you, Sir, have done of another.---- [*To Carlos.*]

*Guil.* Prethee, be pacified, thou shalt see me within this hour, as pretty a fluttering Spark as any's in Town.—my noble Lord, —I give you thanks and joy; for, you are happy too.

*Car.* As Love and Beauty can make me.

*Fran.* And I, as no damn'd Wife, proud Daughter or tormenting Chamber-maid can make me.

*Anto.* And I, as Heaven and *Clara* can.

—You base born Beauties, whose Ill manner'd Pride,  
Th'industrious noble Citizens deride,  
May you all meet with *Isabella's* Doom.

*Guil.*—And, all such Husbands as the Count *Guiliome*.

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*F I N I S.*

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# EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. Barry. Made by a  
Person of Quality.

**I** Come not a Petitioner to sue,  
This Play the Author has writ down to you;  
'Tis a slight Farce, five days brought forth with ease,  
So very foolish that it needs must please;  
For though each day good Judges take offence,  
And Satyr Armes in Comedy's defence,  
You are still true to your Jack-Pudding Sense. }  
No Buffoonry can miss your Approbation,  
You love it as you do a new French Fashion:  
Thus in true hate of Sense, and Wit's despight,  
Bantring and Shamming is your dear delight:  
Thus among all the Follys here abounding,  
None took like the new Ape-trick of Dumfounding.  
If to make People laugh the business be, }  
You Sparks better Comedians are than we;  
You every day out fool ev'n Nokes and Lee.  
They're forc'd to stop and their own Farces quit,  
I admire the Merry-Andrews of the Pit;  
But if your mirth so grate the Critique's ear,  
Your Love will yet more Harlequin appear.  
—You everlasting Grievance of the Boxes,  
You wither'd Ruines of stum'd Wine and Poxes;  
What strange Green-sickness do you hope in Women  
Shou'd make 'em love old fools in new point Linnen?  
The Race of Life you run off-hand too fast,  
Your fiery Mettle is too hot to last;  
Your Feavers come so thick, your claps so plenty,  
Most of you are threescore at five and twenty.  
Our town bred Ladies know you well enough,  
Your courting Women's like your taking Snuff;



# EPILOGUE.

*Out of meer Idleness you keep a pother,  
You've no more need of one than of the other.*

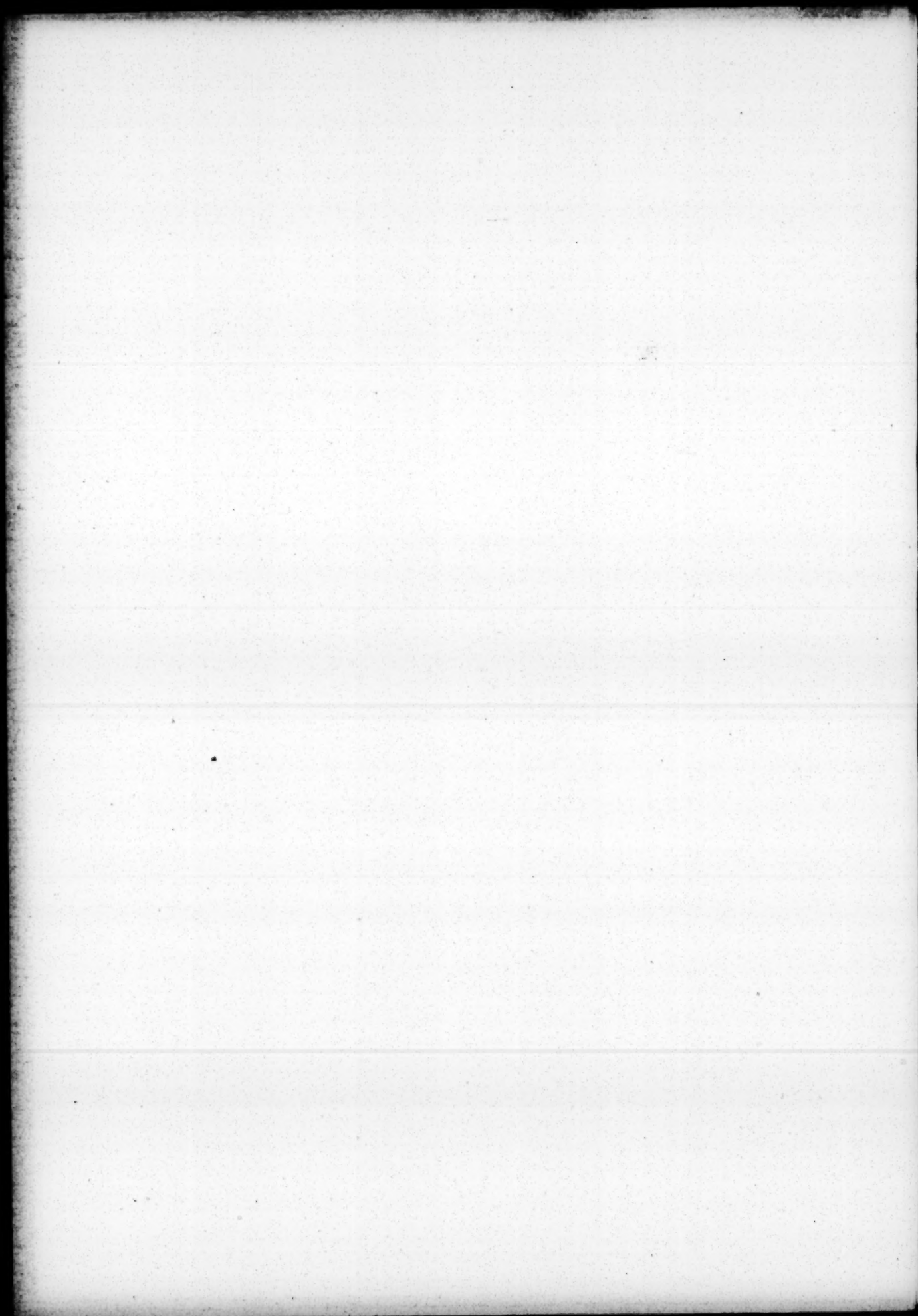
*Ladies —*

*Would you be quit of their insipid noise,  
And vain pretending, take a fool's advice;  
Of the faux Braves I've had some little trial,  
There's nothing gives 'em credit but denial:  
As when a Coward will pretend to Huffing,  
Offer to fight, away sneaks Bully-Ruffin.  
So when these Sparks, whose business is addressing,  
In Love-pursuites grow troublesome and pressing.  
When they affect to keep still in your eye,  
When they send Grisons every where to spy,  
And full of Coxcomb dress and Ogle high;  
Seem to receive their Charge, and face about,  
I'll pawn my life they never stand it out.*

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## FINIS.

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